"Anti-Christ"

by

Henry George Fairbanks

December 4, 1

"ANTI-CHRIST"

A "Screen Pageant", in twelve scenes.

With dialogue drawn -- wherever possible -- from

the speeches, writings, and conversations of Hitler

by

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Approved

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Scene One

Time: September, 1924.

Place: State Prison, Landsberg

Opening flashes of massive gate; then a wall, sentry paced; broken, finally, by barred window through which inmate peers excitedly. Interior reveals a large community room for the use of special political prisoners. Cold and bare. Long table down center. Barred window, left, opens on yard. Two doors closed. One, a little left of rear center, connects with private cell; other, extreme left, leads to main cell blocks. Four men seated at table. Three in group; one, at extreme end of table, engaged in playing solitaire. Fifth man looks out of window, intensely, excitedly. All, informally attired to the point of slovenliness, sit dejected and disconsolate, shifting positions in their seats without a word.

Hinkel (From window, without turning his head) "That wench of a warden's daughter walks like a houri. Now, if I could just get her and the bridal cell in this joint - maybe they'd have some reason for cooping me up here!"

Drexler -"We're all framed, that's what I say. They ain't got no grounds lockin' any of us up!"

(Uncomfortable pause)

Hinkel (Turning from window, hotly) "It's him that's to blame for it all. (He jerks his head toward closed cell door) That Bavarian - blabber-mouth!" (He ends as though no epithet is adequate to his feeling)

DIETRICH (Mockingly) "Not Bavarian, dumkopf... Austrian!"

HINKEL "Well, some damned outlander, that's sure. Why, who ever heard of this clown, anyway - except the down-and-out drunks who hang around the Hofbrauhaus?"

DIETRICH (Continuing to rib Hinkel) "You're not complaining, are you, Auwi? Surely, you have never heard '<u>the Leader</u>' complain about his accommodations here. Now..."

HINKEL "Complain? That's a laugh, all right. Why, he went to prep school for this sort of profession in a dozen flop-houses, so no wonder this place looks good to him!"

WEISS (Raising an unshaven face from his cupped hands where it has been buried until now) "What a joke! Lincoln came from a log cabin. But Germany's self-made here .... has to work his way up from a straw mattress in a penny-a-night flop-house" (Mockingly) "Did <u>he</u> split rails? I think he painted post-cards - and maybe back-houses, even, when he got good enough. Bah! I'm sick of him and his tooth-brush mustache! . . Have you ever seen the American Charlie Chaplin, Dietrich?"

MAURICE "House-painter? Paper-hanger! If you treat him like that, you are nursing a rattle-snake, I tell you. He'll soon grow too big for the vest-pocket pet of the Party. Let American churchmen buy themselves cheap popularity with calling him a house-painter and thinking him a fool. They do us all a great service."

(Pause)

DIETRICH (Jocularly) "Not Revarian, dumkopf... Austrian!"

HINKEL "Well, some damned outlander, that's sure. Why, who ever heard of this clown, anyway - except the down-and-out drunks who hang around the Bierstubens?"

DIETRICH (Continuing to rib Hinkel) "You're not complaining, are you, Hinkel? Surely, you have never heard 'the lodger' complain about his accommodations here. Now..."

HINKEL "Complain? That's laugh, all right. Why, he went to prep school for this sort of profession in a dozen flop-houses, so no wonder this place looks good to him!"

(Raising an unshaven face from his cupped hands where it has been buried until now) "Just a joke! Lincoln came from a log cabin. But Commandant's self-made here .... Just to work his way up from a stuffy mattress in a penny-a-night flop-house" (Jocularly) "like he split rails? I think he painted boat-decks - and maybe bed-houses, even, when he got good enough. Sah! I'm sick of him and his tooth-brush moustache! . . Have you ever seen the Austrian Charlie Chaplin, Dietrich?"

HEMMIC "House-painter? Paper-hanger! If you treat him like that, you are a crazy a rabbit-house, I tell you. He'll soon grow too big for the vest-pocket pot of the Party. Let Austrian chumbum buy himself over cheap peanut-rity with calling him a house-painter and thinking his a fool. They do us all a great service."

(Pause)

(Hinkel swings back to window. His hands tighten on bars and he strains to follow movements of girl in yard. He gives long, low whistle of urban male in mating season)

DIETRICH "Oh, Gott in himmel! Be like our noble Fuhrer, Hinkel. Keep your mind out of the gutter. Try to climb out of bed at some time in your life between birth and death".

HINKEL (Whirling around) "Look who speaks of the gutter! That's where he and this whole raffish gang came from; and that's where he nearly ended the fiasco of his life-- damn him -- flat on his belly in the Odeonsplatz, clutching at the cobblestones so that it took a whole squad of polizei to haul him up".

DIETRICH "You're just sore because he fell on you, Auwi. It's in the Party records".

WEISS (As though speaking to himself) "Schickelgruber". (He laughs, shaking his head, incredulously). "By God, that fits - just as much as his misbegotten origin, or comic opera strut. Can you just imagine anyone saying: 'The Prince (mocking inflection creeping into voice) Schickelgruber? How is your Excellency" - (baffled expression, ending in a note of hysterical questioning) "Schickelgruber? Heil - Schickelgruber?" (He clutches at his head, comically).

MAURICE "Oh, shut up, wind-bag! All you pen-pushers make me pewk. You didn't have to sign on if that's the way you feel about it".

(Hinkel swings back to window. His hands tighten on bars and he strains to follow movements of girl in yard. He gives long, low whistle of area size in a tribe as son)

DISTRICT "Oh, Goat in himself! Be like our dogs, Hinkel. Keep your mind out of the gutter. Try to crawl out of bed at some time in your life between birth and death".

HINKEL (Darting around) "Look who speaks of the gutter! That's where he was! This whole rotten case, and that's where he worthy ended the flood of his life — down his -- Flat on his belly in the Odenaplatz, clutching at the cobblestones so that it took a whole squad of police to shake him up".

DISTRICT "You're just sore because he fell on you, Hinkel. It's in the party records".

WILSON (As thought speaking to himself) "Schlafgruber". (He laughs, shaking his head, incredulously). "My God, what cite - just as much a big misbegotten origin, or comic stare. Can you just im ging anyone saying: 'The Prince (Cooking Infantine tree, in' into v.ine) unlocki-gruber? How is your Excellency" - (Pause, stares up, smoking in a mere of hysterical speculation) "Schlaf-gruber? Hell - schlafgruber?" (He chuckles at his head, comfortably).

DOCTOR "Oh, shut up, wise-head! Get your pen-cumbers back on, now. Don't have to sign on it unless you feel about it".

WEISS "Sign on? Do freebooters have to profess a creed before being considered orthodox by Blackbeard today? The articles of this Ship of State aren't much different. Say I simply liked the lure of adventure and the glint of gold beyond the horizon of the New Germany; so I signed on - for as long as is convenient, and " (added as afterthought) "safe. Like the rest of you, I'll skip ship some day - any day - when he's carrying too much sail in a storm... Never fear".

HINKEL "That goes for me, too. I'm getting plenty fed up with this sort of leader, I tell you. Down with this! D own with that! Down with everything! Down with up! Don't we never do nothin' no more besides throw beer bottles? I figured on more parades. And uniforms. And ..."

DIETRICH "Who did you think he was, anyway? Christ, to give you a throne for judging the tribes of Israel?"

WEISS (With short laugh)
"He's not Christ, I can tell you that. But you can bet that he's already got his judgment prepared for Israel".

HINKEL (A trace of whining in voice)
"What's he got against the Jews, anyway? They tell me my own brother's wife's great grandfather - from Frankfort, I think -

WEISS "Don't be simple..."

HINKEL "Why, that word-crazy coward! What's he got against the Jews now?"

ALICE "Sign up? Do Freedoters have to produce a cross before being considered orthodox by Mr Oxbord today? The attitudes of this ship of state aren't much different. Say I simply liked the lure of adventure and the gift of gold beyond the horizon of the New Country; so I signed on - for as long as is convenient, and " (adds as afterthought) "safe. Like the rest of you, I'll skip ship some day - any day - when he's carrying too much sail in a storm... Never fear."

HUMMEL "That goes for me, too. I'm getting plenty fed up with this sort of lowder, I tell you. Down with this! Down with that! Down with everything! Down with us! You'd've never go nothin' no more besides throw beer bottles! I flutter on more grades. and mutterers. and ..."

DIETRICH "Who did you think he was, anyway? Christ, to give you a throne for judging the tribes of Israel?"

ALICE (with short laugh)

"He's not Christ, I can tell you that. But you men bet that he already got Mr. Judgment prepared for Israel?"

HUMMEL (a trace of humor in voice)

"Didn't he get against the law, anyway? They tell me my own brother's wife's great grandfather - from France, I think -

ALICE "Don't be silly..."

HUMMEL "Why, that acid-crazy coward! Didn't he get against the law anyway?

DIETRICH "Don't be naive, Auwi. It's not what he's got against them. It's what they got for him - a brand to inflame smoldering prejudices, a scapegoat for national bungling. It's all the same whether it's Jews or Catholics - or maybe even the poor devils of Slavs. The Jews are small. You can kick them with impunity, and exercise your muscles along with your ego. The Catholics are big. You can always recruit a mob of No-Nothings to pelt them with the stones of suspicion and fear. In fact, he's not very particular at all whom he hates so long as the frenzy of intoxication is forthcoming. So he hangs out a sign - today in front of the Burgerbraukeller; tomorrow, the Reich's Chancellery, perhaps". (Scoff of general incredulity): "All brick-bats, large or small, gratefully accepted". Why, this man would tear down the foundations of civilization, spitefully, just to throw rocks in the face of bewildered humanity. He's the original wrongs-of-man man!"

HINKEL (Clenching fists)
"Oh, that - that - blabbermouth! I can still see him diving for the gutter when the police cut loos e over his head. He can talk faster, as well as dive faster, than a machine gun .. that guy can!"

MAURICE (Unable to control himself longer rushes upon Hinkel)
"That's a lie, you Dresden whoremaster. You God-damned fil thy swine. You ..."
(He commences to flail Hinkel over the head)

DUPRESNE "Don't be naive, dear. It's not what he's got against them. It's what they got for him - a home to unleash soldiering predilect, a scapegoat for nations hunger. It's all the same whether it's Jews or Catholics - or maybe even the poor devils of Slavs. The lowest-caste small. You can kick them with impunity, and exercise your muscles along with your ego. The Napoleonic urge big. You can always recruit a mob of no-nothings to pelt them with the stones of suspicion and fear. In fact, he's not very particular at all about whether so long as the frenzy of intolerance is orchestrated. So he hence out a plan - hence in front of the Bureau-breakfast; tomorrow, the Reich's Chancellery, perhaps". (Spoff of general incredulity): "Big brick-bats, large or small, gratefully accepted". Why, this man would tear down the foundations of civilization, literally, just to throw rocks in the face of humanity. He's the original stones-of-man man!"

HANSEN (Clenching fists)

"Oh, that - that - blackguard! I can still see his grin for the gutter when the police put lock over his head. He can talk freely, as well as give freely, that's machine gun .. that guy, man!"

DUPRESNE (Unable to control disgust, lower tremble upon blind) "That's a lie, you lessons whatever. You [illegible] fill my swing. You ..."

(He commences to fight himself over the hand)

(Except for the unmoved card-player, the others, with much confusion, attempt intervention; and Hess, beetle-browed and powerful, rushes from the private cell angrily)

HESS "Quiet, you fools! Quiet I say!" (He slaps Hinkel). "Do you want the Fuhrer..."

(Hitler appears in doorway. Sleeves rolled up. Collar open at neck. Baggy pants, loosely belted at waist.

HITLER "Nein, Rudolph". (He raises his hand in dramatic gesture of protest; and, with the authority of the sure peacemaker, walks to where Hess stands between belligerents). "Nein, Rudolph" (Reprovingly, in sugared hurt tones. Then, with disarming smil e beginning to curl corners of his mouth): "We must not maim so fine a stud for our New Order.. He simply chafes at the fences of the local pasture - eh, Hinkel?" (Laughs. Discomfiture) "But maybe we can make him the Ambassador of the New Reich to Turkey some day. You like that idea - Hinkel?" (There is more laughter, mingled with apologies etc.) "But for me" (Hitler turns and addresses the whole group which, except for card-player, has assembled about him) "But for me, your Fuhrer" (the leader sighs and seems to be looking into the depths of some far-off mystical Gethsamane) "There can be no woman in my life..Woman is weakness - a charming octopus that wraps herself around the heroic soul with a thousand subtle attachments. Just try to shake loose once she has taken hold!" (Hess, meanwhile, having

(Except for the removed card-layer, the objects, with much confusion, attempt interventions and Hess, bewildered and powerful, emerges from the private roll startly)

HESS "Quiet, you fools! Quiet I say!" (He slaps himself).

"To you went the Führer...".

(Hitler appears in doorway. Sleeves rolled up. Collar open at neck. Baggy pants, loosely belted at waist.

HITLER "Well, Rudolph". (He raises his hand in dramatic gesture of protest; and, with the authority of the sure peacemaker, walks to meet Hess stands between Hitler and Hess). "Wait, Rudolph" (Hesprovinly, in superior hurt tones. Then, with disarming self e beguiling to cold corners of his mouth): " a man not was so time a stud for our New order.. To simply conflict at the Fences of the Jewish race - eh, Hinkel?" (Laughs. Disconcerted) "But maybe we can make him the secretary of the Ben Heron to Turkey secretary. You like that idea - Hinkel?" (There is more laughter, whether with apologies etc.) "Not for me" (Hitler turns and addresses the whole group which, except for Hess-layer, has assembled about him) "But for me, your Führer" (the laughter ceases and seems to be looking into the depths of some far-off mystical Gothamness) "There can be no room in my life.. Room is weakness - a contrive notions that wraps herself around the heroic soul with a thousand subtle attachments. Just try to make loose once she has been taken!" (Hess, meanwhile, hovies

procured notebook hurriedly, scribbles dutifully. Hitler sighs, theatrically and continues) "Instead, she sucks all your creative blook like a vampire - blood that should irrigate grandiose concepts and infuse dreams of national greatness. And only woman, I tell you" (this last apodictically) "can sabotage the truly great". (Looks around, effusively, for show of approbation, not long delayed).

MAURICE "But, F uhrer. I thought you insisted that we always make our first appeal to women?"

DIETRICH "Yah." (with good-natured, infectious snicker) "But what about all the varicose-vein brigades we have marched to the front seats at our meetings?"

OTHERS (Polyphonically) "Ach So!" "Dietrich's right!" "I remember " etc.

HITLER "And I advise it again. For woman is the visible guardian of instinct; and instinct and blood it is that rule the world of action. So I repeat: blow the horn of your new evangel loud in the frau's ears - even till her earrings jingle. Fill her with brooding suggestions of fertility, mystic and poetical - till her eyes gleam and her breasts heave. Before long she will shame her liebling into uniform; box her husband's ears into conformity with P arty doctrine; and hand the child, even from her dripping nipples, to the care of the State".

(Pause)

HITLER (A confidential note creeping into his voice)

accurred notebook hurriedly, as Robin enters). Either
sighs, theatrically and continues) "Imagine, she wants
all your creative blood like a vampire - like that
should irrigate brilliant concepts and future orders of
national greatness. And only woman, I tell you" (quite
last apologetically) "can sabot so the truly great".
(Looks around, effectively, for some of application, not
long delayed).

AMRICK "But, P dance. I thought you indicated that we always
make our first aim a lito comedy"

DIETRICH "Yah." (With good-nature, indulgence, mocker) "But
what about all the varicose-vein strategies we have be-come
to the front seats at our meetings?"

STEPHEN (Polydomatically) "Ach Ja!" Unmistakable rebuke! "I
remember " etc.

BRIAN "And I advise it again. The woman is the vanity
question of instinct: and instinct is, when it is that
rule the world of action. Ex I propose: play the horn
of your new evaluation in the front's ears - even till
her eardrums tingle. Fill her with tremulous suggestions
of fertility, mystic and poetical - fill her eyes, nose
and lips-breathe heave. Before long she will show her
lightning into uniform; her hair, which is now into con-
formity with a very doctrine; she leaves the cabin, even
from her cooking ship, to be done on the-earth".

(Pause)

BRIAN (A confidential note creeping into his voice)

"But that is our teaching for the many who are neither called nor chosen. L et others renew themselves nightly - as Nieztsche says - on the bosom of mankind. But we esoterics - who are masters - we sleep alone, with our thoughts." (Pauses, dreamily)

HINKEL (With wry grin)

"That is a hard saying. Bshtimt. "

(Laughter)

WEISS "Some of the Party will be s leeping alone on many cold nights. I can see that now."

(More laughter. Coarser, freer)

HITLER (A little nervously, if not petulantly)

"Do you think Dante would have written the Vita Nuova if Beatrice had been his mistress? No, indeed - for love stimulates the mind only when it does not attain its object. And the s exual impulse, unassuaged, only drives the genius on to renunciation and self-sacrifice. The weak, the nervous, the unbalanced - to be sure - become more abnormal when repressed". (Others, with winks exchanged and heightened restlessness, begin to manifest signs of ennui); "but the strong - the truly strong - are rendered still greater by this ascetism... So have I espoused the New Order - with an ecstasy and devotion I can scarce describe. Oh, if you could know how sweet it is to - "

(D ietrich yawns. Hinkel winks, surreptitiously. Weiss interrupts).

"But what is our teaching for the many who are neither called nor chosen. Let other, rather, themselves night-ly - as Nietzsche says - on the bosom of nothing. But we esoterics - who are masters - we sleep alone, with our thoughts." (Pauses, dreamily)

HUNGER (With wry grin)

"That is a hard saying. Continue."

(Laughter)

WALTER "Some of the party will be a leaping alone on many cold nights. I can see that now."

(More laughter. Co rear, jeers)

PETER (A little nervously, if not pointedly)

"Do you think Dante would have written the Vita Nuova if Beatrice had been his mistress? No, indeed - for love stimulates the mind only when it does not obtain its object. And the a cant I impute, unassured, only drives the genius on to renunciation and self-sacrifice. The weak, the nervous, the unbalanced - to be sure - become more abnormal when repressed". (Others, with wines concerned and delighted resistance, press to manifest signs of count); "But the mission - the truly strong - are redeemed still greater by this self-sacrifice. To have I exposed the new order - with an ecstasy and devotion I can scarce describe. Oh, if you only knew how sweet it is to - "

(A lecture leaves. Blank looks, surreptitiously. Giggles, interrupts).

WEISS "Bitte, Herr Hitler, bitte. But when are we getting out of this hole?"

(Hitler turns slowly towards inquisitor, as though awakened from trance. Delayins his answer, he replies sharply):

HITLER "'Getting out of here', he asks? Getting out of here? Why, man, you are made just because you ARE here ... You are not in prison. You are in the public's fat lap - the ample bosom of popular pity. When you go forth again, you will reappear like a martyr, resurrected. People who never heard of you before will herald your cause and beg to join your ranks. Indeed, had I been the Commissioner of Police myself, I could not have ordered our sure advancement better."

ALL "True. True. Gut. Gut."

HINKELL "But can't you tell us something a little more definite, Herr Fuhrer?"

HITLER "Definite! Definite?" (He laughs shortly, scornfully) "Little men are definite. Fit to squint over microscopes for petty particulars. To punctuate with commas and question marks the history which other men have made.." (Having walked toward cell during last discourse, he now stands framed in doorway) "But I will tell you something" (this last prophetically). "I am founding an Order... Now are you satisfied? I have seen the vision of the new man - fearless and formidable. I shrank from him! Time is working for us. I need but give them a kick, and we shall be free of the chains of a world that has outlived

HITLER "Hitler, Herr Hitler, Hitler. Got what are we coming out of this Nowy?"

(Hitler turns slowly towards inquisitor, as though awakened from trance. Delivering his answer, he replies sharply):

HITLER "Getting out of here', mein Herr? Getting out of here? My, man, you are made just because you are here ... You are not in prison. You are in the publicity at Lepr- the ample bosom of popular pity. When you go forth again, you will rise, star like a meteor, resurrected. People who never heard of you before will hunt your name up and join your cause. Indeed, had I been the Commission of Politics myself, I could not have arranged a more sure way to secure better."

All "True. True. Good. Out."

MICHAEL "But can't you tell us something little more definite, Herr Fuhrer?"

HITLER "Definite! Definite?" (as laughs shortly, scornfully) "Little men are definite. Wait to argue over microscopic for petty political ends. To quibble with commas and question marks the history which I have been..." (moving sullen to a well during last lesson, he has stands turned to observe) "I will tell you anything (this last triumphantly). Ich a lumbering an order... Now are you satisfied? I have seen the vision of the man - Fuhrer and Commander. I believe in him! Time is working for us. I need but give them a date, and we shall begin to see the change of a nation that has contrived

its day... All these things that seem so solid are rotten and ready to collapse...Nor do we know yet the full scope of our objective. But we have it in our blood and we are living it."... (He has gradually withdrawn into cell, the door of which Hess closes from within).

WEISS "Br-rr. Ring for the warden to send up some heat, will you?"

HINKEL "Well, I'll be....."

DIETRICH "I dunno what it is either. Hypnotism, maybe. Shades of diabolical possession. But I always want to laugh when I hear that guy, and never can."

HINKEL "Beats me. But he's got something we ain't got."

WEISS "It's faith, if you want to know - faith that sucks the skeptical mind across the vacuum of hope."

(long pause)

MAURICE "I'm hungry, God damn it."

HINKEL (Exultantly, from window)

"S he's back again!"

(Silence falls on room. Shadows lengthen. F igures of men dimly outlined in semi-darkness. Sound of typewriter from Hitler's cell, soft clicking of kays at first, insistent crescendo till noise dominates stage with almost furious rythm of carriage. Card player arrested. Looks up. Drops cards. Regards door of cell fixedly as scene fades from view)

Scene Two

Time: September Evening, 1928

Place: Small Thuringian town

(Transition flashes: **exaggerated** noise of typewriter carriage alternated with scraps of speeches given in unmistakably Hitler voice. Rapid alternation. Increasing crescendo to indicate passage of time and political progress. Vertiginous whirl of Hitlerian variations, clearing to show Hitler and 4 aides in upper room of typical provincial Gasthaus. Furnishings plain: ponderous table and chairs, carved bed-stead, green tile stove, surmounted by ornate steins. Hitler slumped in chair, left center; Kempka standing by. Hess at table, center, perusing papers from brief-case. Hanfstaengel a nd Bruckner standing at open window, right center, through which can be seen medieval facade of Rathaus opposite. Sounds of crowd assembling in Rathaus audible, intermittently, above steady fall of rain. Hitler in dark, ill-fiting suit, tie **loosely** knotted at neck. He speaks - sotte voce - to Kempka who exits)

BRUCKNER (Drawing back from wet sill)

"Looks like we picked Walpurgis Night itself for this assembly, all right. Even the gargoyles in the eaves opposite seem to be vomitting on the faithful."

HANFSTAENGEL "Don't worry, then. We'll get them all for lese-majesty some day - we, tribunes of the people! Won't we, Rudolph?" (He looks back into the room, amusedly; Hess scowls a little, but does not look up. There is a momentary silence)

HANFSTAENGEL (Continuing) "But it's lucky for us it doesn't rain here always, as it does in England. We could never get a revolution started on the street corners if crowds didn't gather". (with a chuckle which he doesn't try to

suppress) "Goebbels says that's why we can count America out, too. The Union is beginning to break up with everybody migrating to California, where the combination of crowds, unemployment, and perpetual sunshine is sure to boil over with revolts. His espionage agents get their reports directly from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce."

HITLER (After momentary pause) "Who's coming tonight, Puzzi? Can you make them out?"

HANFSTANGEL (Laughs) "Even with my eyes shut I could do that.. The same old gang - the blind, the lame, the halt...All the local yokelry who expect you to change the water of our national veins into wine" (Counting with fingers) "Mostly women - though -- I'd say the lovelorn and the careworn".

BRUCKNER (Innuendo in voice as he smiles at Puzzi) "It's a pity the Fuhrer doesn't sing".

(All laugh, except Hess who continues to scowl)

Squawk .. S q u a w k S Q U A W K!

(Sound of Public Address system being unlimbered in Rathaus. Ludicrous crescendo like D onald Duck rage, weird, shocking, then l udicrous again. L aughter)

HESS (Raising eyes from table solemnly) "Will it be the Jews, or Versailles this time, Herr F uhrer?"

(Hitler clasps hands meditatively. Rolls eyes thoughtfully up to ceiling. Drums fingers on vest front)

HITLER "Versailles".

sympathies) "Possibly says Uncle's why we can count Americans out, too. The Union is beginning to break up with everybody might like to California, where the combination of crowds, unemployment, and perpetual sun blind it and to hold over with revolt. His colonnade events get their reports directly from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce."

BUTLER (After momentary pause) "Who's coming tonight, Bud? Can you make them out?"

HUTCHINSON (Laughs) "Even with my eyes since I came to the... The same old gang - the Kiwanis, the Lions, the Rotarians... the local politicians who expect you to change the water of our national veins into wine." (Gaining with fervor) "Wasting down - through -- I'd say the Lowlands are the cesspool".

PROPRIETOR (Increasing in voice as he settles at Butler)

"Like a play the Sunset coast's about".

(All laugh, except Hutchinson who continues to scowl)

Sunset .. I'd a walk Hutch - a K!

(Sound of public address system being unhinged in distance. Natives crossing like I could back regret, sports, shoreline, then I deliverance death. I suppose)

BUTLER (Raising eyes from table suddenly)

"Will it be the Jews, or Versailles, this time, Hutch Butler?"

(Butler covers Hutch's mediatively. Looks eyes thoughtfully up to moist. Hears Tiresse on west front)

BUTLER "Versailles".

HESS "Versailles? Again?.. But last night .. in Meiningen--"

HITLER "Oh, well, then. The Jews are always good for a l augh. I'll blame Versailles on them this time".

(All laugh except Hess who searches papers diligently for Versailles script. Suddenly - an announcement, from the PA System, piercingly strident at first, then gradually regulated)

ANNO "Herren und Damen. Herren und Damen - "

(Hitler raises hand for silence. Sits forward on edge of chair eagerly)

ANNO (Continuing) "You are brave to face the elements tonight. But you are not alone; and you shall have your reward... I have been informed by his adjutant that Herr Hitler's car has been mired outside of Schmaldkalden... But, never fear! His devotion to his people is constant... Your Fuhrer is walking to you - through the storm!"

(Ecstatic yells. "Der Fuhrer! Der Fuhrer! Heil, Hitler! etc., as sounds fade. Hitler shrugs shoulders cynically; relaxes back into chair)

HANFSTANGEL (With an affected sigh) "I do not know which surpasses the understanding more - the wisdom of God, or the credulity of man".

HITLER "There was an American philosopher once . . Barnum, I think. He was the greatest mind America produced". (He falls to brooding).

HANFSTANGEL (Walks back to center of room) "L ies!! Lies! Lies! .. And if only they are <u>big</u> enough, or repeated often enough, they're sure to be sloganized! In my youth, a lie was the occasion for a caning. Today -- especially if you happen to be a statesman - it is more

DEAN: "Versailles? Again?.. But last night .. in Wilmington--"

HITLER: "Oh, well, then. The Jews are always good for a laugh. I'll blame Versailles on them this time".

(Hitler leaves those who generous, sports
dilligently for Versailles script. Suddenly -
an announcement, from the PA system, plaintiv-
ly effident at first, then crackling regulated)

AIDE: "Herren und Damen. Herrgott und Feuer - "

(Hitler raises hand for silence. Sits forward
on edge of chair nervously)

AIDE: (Continuing) "You are bravo to face the clemente weather.
But you are not alone: any you shall have your reward...
I have been informed by his adjutant that Herr Hitler's
car has been mired outside of Schmalcke Haus... But, never
fear! His devotion to his people is commendable... Your
Fuhrer is calling to you - through the phone!"

(Hectic pause. "Der Fuhrer! Ich Bahnen!
Hell, Hitler! etc., as Goebbels rushes. Hitler
shrugs shoulders cynically; relaxes back
into chair)

HAUPTSTAMMER: (With an affected slur) "I do not know which sur-
passes the understanding more - the vision of God, or
the credulity of man".

HITLER: "There was an American philosopher once . . . Funny, I
think. He was like Pretzer and Amerrel problem". (Ex-
hale to Dr. Ling).

GOEBBELS: (Walks to a corner of room) "Hell! Hell!
Hell! .. And if only they are big enough, or repeated
often enough. They'll seem to be alright! In my
youth, a lie was the occasion for a smile. Today --
especially if you happen to be a statesman - it is more

apt to merit a congratulation. You must cultivate it as assiduously as any other requisite for success. In fact.. our noble German universities must soon install it in the curriculum; and, of course" (he smiles maliciously) "the Party will furnish the learned faculty. Accuse, accuse, accuse. Toujours l'accuse".

BRUCKNER (Disgustedly) "The masses are stupid. You must feed them with one hand and hold their noses with the other. Deceit becomes a question of expediency; not morality; and fraud ... of this kind ..."

(Hitler, plainly agitated, has slowly risen to his feet unnoticed)

HITLER "Who talks of fraud and the cause!" (He speaks excitedly, in high shrill voice that paralyzes others almost instantly to rigid position of P russian soldiers at attention)..."The only fraud is failure!" .. (He paces back and forth, fuming)

HESS (Beseechingly) "Please.. Herr Fuhrer! .. Your voice... Someone will hear you in the street below". (Hess glowers menacingly at Bruckner and Hanfstangel, instigators of this outburst)

HITLER (Continuing, unheeded) "So what if your mass is a great coward? What if it does crave the irresponsibility of animals?.. So it gives me its will as a timorous woman surrenders her body - cowardly, yet, hopefully...And only I know the secret of managing these masses .. Not like your Communists -- big-mouths fit only to garble Marxian abstractions in the corners of the platz. Not I ...You

ept to merit a congratulation. You must confess it is
scandalously as any other equal like for business. In fact,
our noble German universities must soon install it in the
curriculum; and, of course" (he smiles politely) "the
Party will furnish the le ned faculty. Course, course,
course. Tonjours l'audace".

BRUCKNER (Disgusted.) "The masses are stupid. You must food
them with one hand and hold their noses with the other.
Ideals become a question of expediency; not morality;
and truth ... of this kind ...."

(Hitler, plainly nettled, has slowly risen
to his feet unnoticed)

HITLER "Not talks of truth and the cause!" (he speaks excit-
edly, in high shrill voice that paralyzes others, almost
hypnotically to rigid position of a fascism soldiers at
attention)..."The only truth is Fatherland!" .. (he paces
back and forth, fuming)

BRUCKNER (Accusatorily) "Please.. Herr Führer! .. Your voice...
someone will hear you in the street below". (Hess plan-
ets nervously at Truckner and glaring at, threatening
of this outburst)

HITLER (Continuing, unabated) "Is what is your mean is a cause
worth? What if it does stand the irresponsibility of
animals?.. So it gives me the will as a vicious woman
surrenders her body - corrupt, yes, immoral... and only
I know the secret of managing these masses .. Not like
your Communists -- big-mouths fit only to stir certain
sentimentalities in the corners of the plate. Not i ...You

can bet on that..I appeal to their blood and instincts.." (Glances around momentarily, defiantly, before resuming harangue - no one daring to intervene) "Do I ever stop to write a tract for your anemic intelligentsia? Do I linger to argue over schnapps with <u>any</u> individual, however learned? ... Instead" (Clenching outstretched fists) "I corral these masses - this great crass herd - in their own prejudices. Herd them together till they strike flints from their own collision of empty heads. Then... then, I stampede them with their own emotions ... And so I can put my own brand upon them at white heat".

(Hitler, breathing heavily, pauses to catch his wind. Meanwhile, Kempka, having re-entered carrying a basin, speaks into ear of Hess, Sotto voce)

HESS (Approaching Hitler) "Bitte, Herr Hitler" (He speaks almost plaintively) "Please ... it is the time now for.."

(Hitler throws back head theatrically, extending arm in gesture of rejection)

HITLER (Fairly screaming to reenforce points) "The necessity of drama to our end precludes the bourgeois notion of fraud.. Thought is a luxury the tax-burdened masses of the future cannot afford - so I bend all my power to tear them from reason and the apathy of analysis...Only the fanatic masses can be swayed. Only the slogan can be understood...So I mingle them all together: the bourgeois, the worker, the intellectual; suffocate their individuality till the voice of protest is thin and reedy, and the mass mind emerges - hypnotized by its own

can bet on that..I appeal to their blood and instincts..."

(Glances around momentarily, defiantly, before resuming harangue - no one daring to intervene) "Do I ever stop to write a tract for your cosmic intelligentsia? Do I linger to argue over scholastic with any individual, however learned? ... Instead" (Glancing contemptuously) "I control these masses - this great ocean here - in their own pandemonium. Here them together till they drink Filth from their own obliteration of empty needs. Then... then, I encourage them with their own emotions ... and so I can put my own hand upon them at will beat".

(Hitler, breathing heavily, pauses to catch his breath. Suddenly, leaping, having re-gathered everything to mind, screams into one of fists, beside voice)

HESS (Auto-chine Hitler) "Hitler, Herr Hitler" (He speaks almost plaintively) "Please ... it is the time now for..."

(Hitler turns back head frantically, exchanging eyes in gesture of rejection)

HITLER (Fairly screaming to remaform points) "The necessity of force to cure and preclusive the bourgeois notion of free.. Thought is a luxury the ten-hundred masses of the future cannot afford - so I hold all my power to tear them from reason and the quality of analysis...only the fanatic masses can be saved. Only the slogan can be understood...so I shrive them all together: the bourgeois, the worker, the intellectual; enforcers that instinctually fill the voids of protest in pain and ready, the mass-mind emerges - hypnotized by its own

size...Even Christ put the highest value on community prayer. Why should I fail to take account of this vital law of reflexes?"

HESS (With the feebleness of strained desperation)

"The time has come, Herr Hitler.... please..."

(At this moment, a booming announcement from the PA System, filling the room, stops the tirade.)

ANNO "Party Members and Brothers of the New Germany... It is with joy unfeigned I can make this next announcement...Herr Hitler - and his faithful entourage (well known to each and everyone of you) - is even now making his way through the Rotes Tor and along our beloved Karolinenstrasse" (Shouts. Cheering. Whistling. All tumultuous) "Please....please, kamerades" (the announcer's voice grows fainter against the background of renewed yelling) "So I say to you that your L eader is chilled without - to the very bones he has dedicated to you, but glowing within to rekindle our national greatness....."

HITLER (Quietly, as though coming out of trance)

"I am ready now". (He commits himself to care of Kempka who carefully musses his hair, meticulously splashes him with muddy water from the basin. Puzzi and Bruckner, meanwhile, hold the F uhrer's coat between them while the thorough Hess empties the rest of the muddy water against it before investing Hitler. They move, Indian-file, toward the door like marionettes. Hitler, in lead, turns at threshold, admonishingly)

site...Even Christ got the highest value on community prayer. Why should I fail to take account of this vital law of reflexes?"

HEST (With the feebleness of retarded degeneration)

"The time has come, Herr Hitler.... please..."

(At this moment, a boomin announcement from the loudspeaker, filling the room, stops the Hesse.)

ANNO "Party members and Brothers of the Sex Germany... - it is with joy unalloyed I can make this next announcement...Herr Hitler - and his faithful followers (well known to each and everyone of you) - is even now making his way through the Rotes Tor with our beloved Karolinenstrasse" (Gloria. Cheering. Whistling. All tumultuous) "Please....please, comrades" (the announcer's voice cross fights against the background of renewed yelling) "So I say to you that your b order in chilies without - to the very bones be has dedicated to you, but clearing within to revitalize our national greatness....."

HITLER (Quietly, as though coming out of trance)

"I am ready now". (He accepts himself to come of Hanke who carefully mopes his brow, professional splashes his with sunny water from the basin. Pushed and Thunder, meanwhile, hold the "debate" court between them while the chronicle does service the test of the sunny water provides it before leaving Hitler. "My love, Dalian-life, toward the poor like helplessness. Hitler, in lead, turns at transport, somnambulity)

HITLER "Remember, Bruckner - the only fraud is failure!"

(Exeunt all. Crescendo of cheering floating back through window to mark progress into Rathaus opposite. Lull. Then staccato catch words: "L ebensraum" ... "Master Race".. "Jewish-plutocratic democracies..." "Uber Alles In D er Welt", alternated with enthusiastic plaudits, drifting back through window into empty hotel room. Silence. Sudden gust of wind. Flapping curtains. Papers from table blown about room).

Scene Three

TIME: Jan. 30, 1933

PLACE: Reich Chancellery

(As former scene fades, with pages blowing about room, new one opens with papers gradually coming to rest in hands of Franz von Papen who stands behind Hindenburg in office in Reich Chancellery Bldg. Lofty ceiling. Massive fire-place. Dark-panelled walls. Oak desk and several high-backed, eagle embossed chairs left center. French windows behind, closed. Full length portrait of Bismarck left of fireplace. Closed doors right. Hindenburg - white, bristly hair, deep grating voice - seated at desk. Von Papen standing at elbow, shuffles official papers efficiently, indicating signatures, passing stamps, etc. Von Neurath, hands clasped behind back, beneath chimney mantle, looking into grate. Hindenburg wears square-shouldered, knee-length frock coat. Von P. and N. in morning coat and pencil stripes)

PAPEN "There... That completes it, Herr President".

HINDENBURG (Sardonically) "No more coffin nails to drive, Franz?"

PAPEN (In hurt tone, protestingly) "Oh, come, now... It's not as bad as all that - "

HINDENBHRG (Pushing chair back and rising slowly, closing large folio as he stands erect) "Come, Franz. Let us close up the book and its records; for our farce is played out".

PAPEN "Pl-ease, Marshal..."

(Hindenburg, with traces of military bearing in erect carriage, painfully shuffles to the windows where he stands fixedly, hands clasped

Scene Three

TIME: Jan. 30, 1933

PLACE: Helen Chancellery

(As former scene fades, with people moving about room, men open doors with papers pre-medly coming to rest in hands of Frank von Papen who stands behind Hindenburg in office in Helen Chancellery Bldg. Lofty ceiling. Massive fire-place. Post-Chancellor walls. Windows and several high-backed, ergic ex-bassy chairs left center. French windows behind, closed. Full length portrait of Bismarck left of fireplace. Closed door right. Hindenburg - white, bristly hair, deep grating voice - sits at desk. Von Papen standing at side, smugly. Trivial papers efficiently, implacable lamp-stand, blotter, etc., etc. Von Papen, hands clasped behind back, beneath tailcoat, in mid, looking into grate. Hindenburg wears equi-shouldered, knee-length frock coat. Von P. has on in morning coat and, dress stripes)

PAPEN: "There... That completes it, Herr President".

HINDENBURG (sarcastically) "No more coffin nails to trive, Franz?"

PAPEN: (In hurt tone, protestingly) "Oh, come, now... It's not as bad as all that - "

HINDENBURG (Pushing chair back and rising slowly, closing large folio as he stands erect) "Yes, Franz. Let us close up the book and its records; for our farce is played out".

PAPEN "Ja-ssss, Herrhal..."

(Hindenburg, with traces of military bearing in erect posture, painfully shuffles to the windows where he stands fiercely. Hands clasped

in small of back, looking dreamily out. Papen joins Neurath. After a moment's silence, in which Hindenburg stands absolutely motionless, Papen speaks, solicitously)

PAPEN "What is it you see , Herr President?"

HINDENBURG (Without turning to face them) "All the way to Tannenber g".

NEURATH (Quickly, in half-hearted retrieval of situation) "Ah - but Tannenberg was a great victory, indeed. A milestone in the history of ..."

HINDENBURG (Shaking head) "That's not a War Memorial they're building... That's my tomb".

PAPEN "Nons, ense, Herr President... Such weak indulgence for the head of the State and an old Field Marshal".

HINDENBUR G "Franz" (Turns slowly and crosses to pair, speaking as he moves) "Franz. Let me tell you something. Never be so unfortunate as to outlive your time. There is nothing mocks like impotency wedded to opportunity. I know... It is rumored that "The old gentleman" is in his dotage..that my mind is clear for only a few waking hours..That's not true, Franz! I see too much... It is better to close the eyes of an old man when he can no longer raise his voice or his arm. I don't mind being thought a fool, Franz - when only a villain could countenance what I must see."

(There is a knock on the door. Liveried chamberlain enters)

CHAMBERLAIN "Herr Hitler awaits your pleasure, Excellency".

(Easily of back, looking dreamily out. Frozen joins Bourath. After a moment's silence, in which Hindenburg stands absolutely motionless, Frozen speaks, politely)

FRZEN "What is it you see, Herr President?"

HINDENBURG (Without turning to face them) "All the way to Tannenberg".

BOURATH (Quietly, in half-hearted retrieval of situation) "Ah - but Tannenberg was a great victory, indeed. A milestone in the history of ..."

HINDENBURG (Ending head) "That's not a far General! They're building... That's my tomb".

FRZEN "Nonsense, Herr President... Such work inflicts for the head of the State and an old field marshal".

HINDENBURG (Turns slowly and crosses to exit, speaking as he leaves) "Stop. Let me tell you something. Never be so unfortunate as to outlive your time. There is nothing worse than impotency masked as authority. I know... It is rumored that "The old gentleman" is in his dotage..that my mind is elsewhere only a few waking hours..That's not true, Frzen! I see too much... It is better to close the eyes of an old man when he can no longer raise his voice or his arm. I wouldn't mind being thought a fool, Frzen - when only a villain could count anyone what I must see."

(There is a knock on the door. Liverlad chauffeur-lain enters)

CHAUFFEUR "Herr Hitler seeks your pleasure, Excellency".

HINDENBURG (With helpless shrug of shoulders and look of futility at P and N) "I am ready now".

(Exit chamberlain. Pause)

HINDENBURG "From a little string of castles in East Prussia my ancestors kept the barbarians out of Germany once". (He sighs) "But I - President of the Weimar Republic" (He laughs, ironically) - "I cannot even restrain the barbarian within Germany". (Pauses, then continues) "I tell you, Franz - never make the mistake of lingering on after your hour has passed. Take the cash and let the credit go".

(Door is opened. Chamberlain announces Hitler)

CHAMBERLAIN "Herr Hitler, Chancellor of the Reich".

(Hitler is wearing his familiar trench coat, the belt of which dangles loosely. Lock of hair pasted across forehead till it almost touches eyebrow. He enters with brisk nervousness, too determined to please to be at ease. His eyes shift apprehensively. Clicking heels resoundingly before the President, he bows)

HITLER "Your servant, sir".

HINDENBURG (Coldly) "Even 'the old gentleman' is not so dim-witted as to believe that".

HITLER (F lushing slightly) "Herr President, I am, indeed, honored. Truly delighted!"

HINDENBURG (Without taking proferred hand - which Hitler now withdraws, embarrassedly) "Mein Herr" (Bows slightly)

(PAUSE)

HINDENBURG (With helpless shrug of shoulders and look of futility at 2 and 3). "I am tired now".

(With chandelier. Pause)

HINDENBURG "From a little string of cobbles in a gt Prussian by cobbestone keep the bordered out of Germany one".

(He sighs) "But I - President of the Weimar Republic"

(He laughs, ironically) - "I cannot even restrain the birth rate within Germany". (Pause, then continues) "I tell you, Franz - never make the mistake of lingering on after your hour has passed. Pay the cash and let the credit go".

(Door is opened. Gh. Oberstein announces Hitler)

CHAMBERLIN "Herr Hitler, Chancellor of the Reich".

(Hitler is wearing his Feldlier's trench coat, the belt of which dangles loosely. Lock of hair quite across forehead fill it almost towards eyebrows. He enters with half-hesitant-vehemence, too determined to please to be at ease. His eyes quite unnecessarily. Clicking his heels resounds by reason the resonant, no boots)

HITLER "Your servant, sir".

HINDENBURG (Coldly) "Even the old parliament's tend so dis-elated as to believe that".

HITLER (A humble attitude) "Herr President, I am, indeed, honoured. Truly do I thank!"

HINDENBURG (Without taking proffered hand - which hitler now withdraws, hesitantly-coldly) "Sit down" (Some alignment)

(Pause)

HITLER (Fumbling with belt buckle confusedly, but determined to see interview out) "I have hastened, Excellency, to pay my respects as the new Chancellor of Germany. You may be sure that only my detention by the enthusiasm -- I may say, the generosity -- of the crowds before the Chancellery has delayed me until this hour".

HINDENBURG "I do, indeed, regret that we did not meet sooner, but, naturally ... we had very little occasion to meet formerly".

HITLER (Stung into spirit, but visibly trying to control self, speaks with icy deliberation) "Perhaps, mein Herr, that was because I am the first of my kind - as you are the last of yours".

HINDENBURG (Raising eyebrows with start ... Aside to Papen) "I thought you told me, Franz, that Herr Schi--(He arrests work) "Chancellor .. was but a corporal in the Great War?"

HITLER "Would you call a pearl-diver a fish because of momentary environment?".. (Angrily) "You forget, sir ... that I represent Germany!"

HINDENBURG (Note of fatigue creeping into voice) "Ach, so... I certainly cannot say the same for myself...Well, to business, then" (Pause) "You will take one of my fellow Prussians, at least, for your model as Chancellor?" (he indicates portrait of Bismarck)

HITLER (Not deigning to look up at portrait) "Only the 'Iron part' of him... I have told you before that I represent

HITLER (Smoking with bold bravado nonchalently, but determined to see interview out) "I have endeavoured, Excellency, to pay my respects as the new Chancellor of Germany. You may be sure that only my detention by the authorities -- I may say, the generosity -- of the crowds before the Chancellery has delayed me until this hour."

HINDENBURG "I do, indeed, regret that we did not meet sooner; but, naturally ... we had very little opportunity to meet formerly".

HITLER (Stung into spirit, but vainly trying to control self, speaks with icy deliberation) "Perhaps, mein Herr, that was because I am the first of my kind - as you are the last of yours".

HINDENBURG (Rising overbrows with heart ... smile to Papen) "I thought you told me, Franz, it is Herr Doktor--(he emphasizes mock) "Chancellor .. was but a-corporal in the Great War"

HITLER "Would you call a peri-dive a fish because of momentary environment?.. (Gaily) "Mon cheer, sir ... that's a reference Germany!"

HINDENBURG (Note of failing creeping into voice) "Ach, so... I certainly cannot say the same for myself...Well, to business, then" (Pause) "You will take one of my fellow Prussians, I hope, for your model as Chancellor?" (Indicates portrait of Bismarck)

HITLER (Not daring to look up at portrait) "Only the 'Iron Bart' of his... I have told you before that I represent

Germany - not the Order of Teutonic Knights ... Germany has outgrown your medieval suit of armor .. Are you so blind as to persist in hoping to restrain her in the winding sheets of defunct ceremonial? Germany is no mummy... She is bursting with BLOOD - blood that is older and far healthier than any of your sacred pedigrees... Don't be fooled, Herr Hindenburg... I am not over-awed by your ancestors, or over-solicitous for your sons.. We have a new aristocracy - better suited to rule the New O rder - my S. S.!.. They will take your frontier castles for observation posts. They will make chauffeurs out of your scions... Or, perhaps, Herr President" (Hitler's insulting tone has mounted with his confidence) "perhaps, you will even be so simple as to ask me to restore the Hohenzollern? Well... those bodiless spooks of national greatness have haunted the German mind too long. I will sweep them out of the German conscience along with the rest of your cob-webs! Now - do you understand me?"

HINDENBURG (Half to himself) "So,.. it has come to this?... Yes.. I understand you - like one who has watched the vultures circling a lost battle-ground. I understand you all right... and, let me say, that when you entered this room a few minutes ago, I was prepared to despise you. Even strike you with my baton.. It is not possible now to despise you. Only hate is left... For, Cpl. Hitler, you are bigger than you seem. Even the myopic eyes of

officialdom can see that.. You are bigger than all the official reports laid on my desk by bureaucrats. The sounding board of something that only echoes off your hollow soul, multiplying its din by your very emptiness. A voice, may I say, against which I should close my ears if I could... Well, I will go now. Back to Neudeck.... Before the last leg... to Tannenberg". (He begins to walk feebly to door, supported by Papen and Neurath) "But, s tay, Herr Chancellor. I would not have you think me a bad host... See - I leave you the sine qua non of success in this business" (Indicating) "Herren von Papen und von Neurath... eunuchs both for your New Order, who will serve well in your inner chamber and never violate the purity of Nazi ideals... Here is Franz von Papen, a true diplomat, bred in the intrigues of 700 years. You could boot him in the rear end with all your might; and no one standing in front of him could detect so much as the flicker of an eye-lid. That, Herr Hitler, is an accomplishment one does not acquire in beer halls ... And" (turning to Neurath).. "Constantin von Neurath: Bavarian gentleman and key-hole St. Nicholas, who can insert his disarming bulk into the most dubious enterprises: a kind face, a long memory, a hard heart.. Where - except for the last, perhaps, - can your Party ranks find such as this? ... Farewell, Herr Hitler... Into their hands I commend your spirit".

(Chamberlain swings door back. Exit Hindenburg

officialdom can see that.. You are bidden then all the official reports into my care by bureaucrats. The sounding board of something that only echoes off your hollow soul, multiplying its din by your very emptiness. I voice, may I say, against which I should close my ears if I could... Well, I will go now. Back to Nuremberg.... Scope the last leg... to Tannenberg". (He begins so walk feebly to door, supported by Papen and Neurath)

"Wait, a toy, Herr Chancellor. I could not have you think that I had those... See - I leave you the sole one of success in this business" (Indicating) "Herren von Papen und von Neurath... summons back for your investigation. With every well in your inner chamber are never violate the purity of Nazi ideals... Here is Frank, you know, a true diplomat, bred in the trenches of 700 years. You could book him in the room and with all your might; and no one standing in front of his mouth looked so much as the flicker of an eye-lid. That, Herr Hitler, is an economical diplomat one does not develop in back halls ... (turning to Neurath).. "Consider in you Baron that: [illegible] punctilious and key-note it. Frequent, who can direct his disarming smile into the most dubious interpretation: a kind face, a long memory, a cool heart.. Here - except for the last, perhaps, - can your Party ranks find such as this? ... Forward, Herr Hitler... into their hands I commit your safety".

(Chamberlain enters door back. Exit Chamberlain

alone, slowly) (For a moment, Hitler stands in center of room, biting lip with suppressed rage. Then, he turns toward P apen and Neurath. Anticipating his demand, they click heels simultaneously and incline forward, slightly. Hitler fingers the chain of the Chancellor nervously)

HITLER "Go get me a map of the Rhineland".

(They bow synchronously, automatic harmony in every movement).

BOTH "Heil Hitler".

Scene Four

(The bowing Papen and Neurath fade, and as figures rise again, they are the figures of two butlers who open the doors of a Salon in fashionable Berlin apartment. Beaded screen at one end of room - left, rear; - movie projector at other - right, forward - and rows of chairs between, indicate chamber has been arranged for film pre-view. Otherwise, room is lavishly decorated in ultra-modern motif: progressive, but parvenu. Not bad taste. Not overdone. Simply too new. As curtain goes up, Goebbels, wife, and party (Goering, Frau Emmy, Streicher, Hanfstangel, Fritsche, etc.) enter noisily from door -- right rear -- as though just come from theatre. All in formal dress; Goering in medal-dripping uniform. Chatter of conversation as servants take wraps etc. and guests congregate in informal groups)

GOEBBELS (Unctuously) "A magnificent film ... A remarkable film... That's the sort of thing we shall be needing.."

FRITSCHE (Rubbing hands together ecstatically) "And did you see that actress - that Czech creature - Lida Nadova?"

GOEBBELS "Did I see her he asks! Did I see her!"

GOERING (Interrupting question Goebbels is about to answer) "Of course, he saw her, Hans " (He pauses, ironically) "All Berlin is gossipping about the Reich Propaganda Minister's newest discovery... 'Discovery of the Week' I think they are calling her".

(Frau Goebbels passes, carrying tray of drinks. Glowers reprimandingly at Josef who colors a little and scrapes club foot across

Scene Four

(The bowing Papen and Neurath fade, and as figures rise again, they are the figures of two burghers who open the doors of a salon in fashionable Berlin apartment. Faded screen at one end of front - left, rear; - movie projector at other - right, forward - and rows of chairs between. Indicate changes has been arranged for film pre-view. Otherwise, room is lavishly decorated in ultra-modern style: progressive, but perverse. Not bad taste. Put over-done. Slightly too much. As curtain goes up, Goebbels, wife, and party (Goering, Von Ribbentrop, Streicher, Himmler, Fritsche, etc.) enter briskly from door -- right rear -- as though just come from theatre. All in formal dress; Goering in medal-dripping uniform. Chatter of conversation as servants take wraps etc. and guests congregate in informal groups)

GOEBBELS (Unctuously) "A magnificent film ... a remarkable film... That's the sort of thing we shall be making.."

FRITSCHE (Rubbing hands together ecstatically) "And did you see that actress - that Greek creature - Lilia Malvaz?"

GOEBBELS "Did I see her he asks! Did I see her!"

GOERING (Interrupting question Goebbels is about to answer) "Of course, he saw her, Hans " (He pauses, ironically) "All Berlin is gossiping about the Reich Propaganda Minister's newest discovery... 'Discovery of the Week' I think they are calling her".

(Frau Goebbels passes, carrying tray of drinks. Glowers resentfully at Josef who colors a little and scrapes club foot across

shoe embarrassedly. He darts glance in her wake to assure himself before continuing)

GOEBBELS (Protestingly) "But she has talent for this sort of thing, I tell you..."

STREICHER (Picking up ears with mock alacrity) "What sort of thing...Josef?"

(General laughter)

GOEBBELS "Ethereal talent...subtle talent... the kind that is hard to perceive right away..."

GOERING (Mockingly solemn) "Now, I for one, had thought her talents were pretty obvious - and well distributed, too -- that is, of course, from where I sat, anyway".

GOEBBELS (Yielding point reluctantly, with suppressed laugh) "oh..."

GOERING "To tell you the truth, I thought the whole thing stinks. Can't we pass a law against this sort of official tripe...a kind of cruelty to dumb animals act?" (chidingly) "Such an abuse of historical memories, Josef! Why, if it's just sex education your movie-mad morons crave, why not turn the job over to Julius here". (He nudges Streicher slyly in the ribs) "Julius has long had a monopoly on every barn door in Franconia". (Guffaws lustily at own joke and claps red-faced Streicher heartily on shoulders)

(General laughter)

GOEBBELS "But you see - you see..."

(At this moment, quite unobserved, a giant aide in SA uniform - swastika arm-band,etc.--

shoe embarrassedly. He darts glance in her work to assure himself before continuing)

GOSFORDS (Protestingly) "But she has talent for this sort of thing, I tell you..."

STERLING (Picking up ears with mock alertness) "What sort of thing...Josef?"

(Gamer I laughter)

GOSFORDS "Ethereal talent...subtle talent... the kind that is hard to perceive right away..."

GOSFORD (Mockingly, dreamy) "Now, I for one, had thought her talents were pretty obvious - and well distributed, too -- that is, of course, from where I sat, anyway".

GOSFORD (Twirling point reluctantly, with exaggerated lassen) "oh..."

GOSFORD "To tell you the truth, I thought the whole thing stinks. Can't we pass a law against this sort of ill-educated talk...a kind of cruelty to dumb animals, over" (chuckling) "Such an abuse of historical memories, Josef! Oh, if it's just sex education your movie-men propose, why not turn the job over to Julius Lore". (He nudges Sterling slyly in the ribs) "Julius has long had a monopoly on everything on Broadway". (Laughs jovially at own joke and slaps Sterling heartily on shoulders)

(General laughter)

GOSFORD "But you see - you see..."

(At this moment, unobserved, a light also in GA uniform - with tiny arm-bars, etc.--

steps inside door, extreme right, and bellows: "Heil Hitler", extending arm rigidly in Fascist salute which he holds. Confusion accompanies desperately automatic effort to respond. Frau Goebbels spilling wine from decanter into Emmy's lap; Streicher, frantically trying to extricate bulk from arm-chair, ends by giving salute from seated position. The fervent salute of Goebbels knocks high-ball glass from hands of Fritsche who is choking in endeavor to "heil". Chorus of heils ludicrous in tone and time - Goering calmly finishing drink and registering belated "Heil, Hitler" feebly, as others stand silent with arms out-stretched. As Hitler enters - standing in doorway for moment to return salute theatrically, - Goebbels hobbles sycophantically to his side)

GOEBBELS "How did you like the cinema this evening, Fuhrer?"

HITLER (Cocks head and regards him steadily before replying... Deliberately) "A horror... Absolute rubbish... The police will have to stop it... We have had enough of this patriotic balderdash".

GOEBBELS (Gulping, but reversing field resourcefully) "Quite right, my Fuhrer... It was feeble...very feeble. We have cancelled their contracts and packed the whole cast - bag and baggage - off for Vienna..." (Shaking head piously) "Indeed, we have a great educational task ahead of us" (Pause) "But, come. All the more reason to see the very cream of the Reich Propaganda Ministry's films - the very essence of our National Socialism recorded for all posterity! You can be sure we have culled these carefully".

(He indicates chairs and leads Hitler - bowing and smiling - to place of honor between two strikingly pretty - and tres, tres

stops inside door, extreme right, and bellows: "Heil Hitler", extending arm rigidly in Fascist salute which he holds. Continuation accompanies desperately unknown effort to respond. Frau Goebbels spirals line from doorsill into Army's lap; stretcher, frantically trying to extricate hulk from arm-chair, ends by giving salute from seated position. The fervent salute of Goebbels knocks high-ball glass from hands of Fritsche who is choking in endeavor to "heil". Chorus of hells inadvertous in tone and time - Goering calmly finishing drink and registering hell. Red "Heil, Hitler" feebly, as others stand silent with arms out-stretched. As Hitler enters - standing in doorway for moment to retain salute theatrically, - Goebbels hobbles expectantly to his side.)

GOERING "How did you like the chorus this evening, Führer?"

HITLER (Coats head and regards him steadily before replying... deliberately) "A horror... absolute rubbish... The public will have to stop it... We have had enough of this patriotic balderdash".

GOERING (Smiling, but revealing mind reluctantly) "Quite right, my Führer... It was feeble...very feeble. We have cancelled their contracts and [illegible] the whole cast - band and baggage - off for Vienna..." (Smiling now jovially) "Indeed, we have a great sense of humour of us" (Pause) "But, come. All too much reason to see the very dregs of the Reich Propaganda Ministry's film - the very essence of our Aryan Sociality reserved for all posterity! You can be sure we have quite these done-fully".

(He indicates choice and leads Hitler - bowing and smiling - to pile of honor between two strikingly pretty - so to speak, ETC.

decollettee - blondes of the "mythical Nordic" type. At Goebbel's command, operator extinguishes lights and starts projector and sound track.

Beam from projector cuts broad swathe across darkened stage and illuminates patch of white screen. Bodies, furniture, etc. all neutralized by gloom, with only familiar profiles of Nazi hierarchy -- Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, etc. -- accentuated luridly in yellowish light flickering over heads. Countenances, thus spot-lighted in glare, register all the emotions elicited by subsequent scenes and sounds - all spectacles of Nazi might and brutality, calculated to overwhelm the mind with material size and martial blaring: Monster rallies and military reviews; youth engaged in model gliding; Jewish pogroms; piles of state architecture and vast stretches of octopus-like autobahnen; goose-stepping SS detachments; massed fields of shining bayonets; ominous thunder of hoarsely-heiling throngs, etc. As Narrator plays upon emotions, they grow tense, perspiring, excited, ecstatic. Looks of cruelty follow l aughter. L eers mixed with impulsive plaudits)

SCENE: REICHSWEHR REVITALIZED. GOOSE-STEPPING THOUSANDS, THEIR BOOTS FALLING IN TERRIBLE RHYTHM, MARCH PAST REVIEWING STAND. PLANES DRONE OVERHEAD. TANKS CLATTER BY.

NARRATOR "Germany is a country, the major industry of which is war. Let the English shop-keepers cling to their counters. The French peasant to his plough. The trade-mark of our blood is stamped on war...and we shall not hesitate to export it... if, a nd when, the time comes... to blot out the memory of 1918 and to renew the loins of our Fatherland...No German is ashamed to bear arms. It is our glorious heritage and duty... Mothers of Germany, give us sons and your sons shall give us mastery".

decoration - blondes of the "mythical Nordic" type. At Goebbels's command, operator extinguishes lights and starts projector and sound track.

Beam from projector cuts broad swathe across darkened stage and illuminates patch of white screen. Bodies, furniture, etc. all nauseatingly by gloom, with only familiar profiles of Nazi hierarchy -- Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, etc. -- accentuated lurid, in spectral light flickering over heads. Commentaries, thus spot-lighted in glare, reflecter all the emotions elicited by subsequent scenes and sounds - all accessories of Nazi might are brutality, calculated to overwhelm the mind with hysterical fire and moral blinding: monster rallies and military revues, youth engaged in model drill; Aryan portraits; files of state architecture and vast stretches of octopus-like autobahnen; mass-stepping of thousands; massed fields of shining bayonets; ominous thunder of bombers in-flying through, etc. As director plays upon emotions, they grow tense, perspiring, excited, ecstatic. Looks of cruelty follow I laughter. Is eyes mixed with impulsive plaudits)

Scene: EXPERIMENTAL ENTHUSIASM. GOEBBELS TRANSLATES THEIR BOOKS FAMILIES IN TEUTONIC FRENZY, EACH SEEMS SURVEYING DEMON. HEARTY THROB OF ... TRUE CHARTER OF.

NARRATOR "Germany is a country, the major industry of which is war. Let the English shop-keepers cling to their counters. The French present to ... lounge. The treasury of our blood is stamped on it...and we shall not hesitate to support it... If, a no when, the time comes... to blot out the memory of 1918 and to restore the lustre of our fatherland...No German is ashamed to bear arms. It is our glorious heritage and duty... Masters of Germany, give us arms and your name shall give us mastery".

SCENE: OLD JEWS FORCED TO DON DISTINGUISHING ARM-BANDS AND SCRUB STREETS FOR JEERING THRONGS.

NARRATOR "Now, these - obviously - are not members of the Master Race" (Laugh) "They do not cherish combat - though they are long accustomed to carrying packs upon their back...And, speaking of backs, the only arms they bore in Germany have been used to stab us in the back -- when we were at the front!... We have not forgotten - as you see" (Murmur of approval)

SCENE: MASSIVE FACADE OF NEW REICH CHANCELLERY: THE PARTY HEAD-QUARTERS IN BAYREUTH: AWESOME STRETCHES OF MUNICH CASERNE PARADE GROUNDS: THE HINDENBURG MEMORIAL AT TANNENBERG: LONG STRETCHES OF GLEAMING AUTOBAHNEN INTERLACING BAVARIAN COUNTRYSIDE ETC.

NARRATOR "Away from such despicable scenes then - to the true grandeur of the Reich - whose very buildings are a true reflection of the national character" (Pause, as scenes unroll and change) "The Palast de Justice...What do you think Chicago gangsters would do in such a building? Hang their pin-ups, maybe?... Or maybe these cultural boys would like to play their puerile baseball in our Nuremberg stadium?" (Laughter)..."And now the avenues of the Future...Did even the Roman Empire in the days of Caesar construct such highways for her legions?" (Murmurs of admiration)

SCENE: HITLER JUGEND MODEL PLANE COMPETITION. VAST FIELD WITH HUNDREDS OF SMALL PLANES IN THE AIR. BOYS, ALL MILITARY IN BEARING, ON FIELD BELOW. FAMILIAR HITLER JUGEND CAP EVERYWHERE IN EVIDENCE.

SCENE: [illegible] TO DOW DISTINGUISHING LAW-BREAKERS AND SCRUB STREETS TOWARD CRIME THROUGH.

NARRATOR "Now, these - obviously - are not members of the Master Race" (Laugh) "They do not operate cowbirds - though they are long accustomed to carrying packs upon their backs...and, speaking of backs, the only arms they bore in Germany have been used to stab us in the back -- when we were at the front!... We have not forgotten - as you see" (Humor of approval)

SCENE: [illegible] DOWN ON POLICE CONSCIENCY: THE LAWLESS QUARTERS IN SYNDICUTH: [illegible] SPIRITUAL OF [illegible] FAMILY COMMUNITY: THE [illegible] AT TAMPERING: LOWS STRIKERS OF DESTROYING [illegible] INTERFERING [illegible] NIAN COUNTERPARTS, ETC.

NARRATOR "Away from such despicable scenes that - to the true grandeur of the Reich - whose very buildings are a true reflection of the national character" (Pause, as scenes unroll and change) "The Reich de Justice...but to you think Chicago gangsters would do in such a building? Hand their pin-ups, maybe?... or maybe those cultured boys would like to play their merrily behind in our Brownshirt stadium?" (Laughter)..." In now the avenues of the future...Oh! even the Roman law in the days of Caesar contained such bulwarks for her legionnaire" (Humour of admiration)

SCENE: HITLER WITH YOUNG THAT [illegible]. WEEPING [illegible] HUNDREDS OF [illegible] IN [illegible]. [illegible] AND HITLER [illegible] IN [illegible], OR [illegible]. [illegible] HITLER LOOKS [illegible] BY [illegible] INTERVIEW.

NARRATOR "There, Herren und Damen, is tomorrow. Your sons. Your Luftwaffe. Your Future... See that sturdy lad, there - the seal of the New Germany upon him...Fearless, and already formidable...Hardened by sports. Indoctrinated by the Fuhrer...He will guarantee Germany its place in the sun...And this young myrmidon here---strong-limbed and looking into the sun...has he not already the eagle-like aspect of the bird of prey - above pity and beyond fear?...If these are our youth, what must German manhood be like - O, enemy!"

SCENE: SS PARADE. DEATH'S HEAD IN ADVANCE. FULL WAFFEN SS DIVISION NEXT. ALL GOOSE-STEPPING TO CRESCENDO OF AWESOME DRUM-ROLL PAST REVIEWING STAND AT EYES RIGHT. HARD, UNFLINCHING COUNTENANCES. HANDS ON HILTS OF SHEATHED DAGGERS.

NARRATOR "Perhaps...there went some of the boys but recently gamboling with their gliders...But no make-believe now... you can see that...Consecrated to a new service - the highest in our Order - devotion to the Fuhrer, death to the enemy, blind obedience and unswerving loyalty...They do not falter... They do not flinch...They own no fear... Behold - the Herman Goering Division!" (Sputters of admiration. Hitler leans forward and jovially pinches Hermann on cheek)

SCENE: PARTY RALLY AT NUREMBERG. SEA OF BANNERS AND MYRIAD HEADS IN STADIUM. HITLER, ALONE, SOLEMNLY MARCHES DOWN LONG, BROAD SWATHE TO PODIUM. THUNDEROUS HEILING. HE SPEAKS.

NARRATOR "Could I speak now?...What voice could be heard above the united voice of Germany?... Need I speak? ...Here,

NARRATOR: "There, before and behind, is tomorrow. Your land, your battle, your future... see that study in it, there - the seed of the New Germany upon him...Fearless, and strong formidable...Hardened by sports. Indoctrinated by the Fuhrer...He will grow into German life in the sun...and this young myrmidon here---strong-limbed and looking into the sun...has in him already the eagle-like aspect of the bird of prey - above pity and beyond fear?...If these are our youth, that must German manhood be like - O, enemy!"

SCENE: SS MEN. DETAILS HERE IN ADVANCE. SUNG A SONG OF DIVINITY HERE. ALSO DOUBLE-SPACING TO CONSIST OF [illegible] ONE-SONG SAME DIVINITY SCENE AT LEAST SIGNIFICANT. [illegible] FEELING CONSCIOUSNESS. FEELING OF RIGHTS OF DIVINITY [illegible] PAGEANT.

NARRATOR: "Perhaps...there dwelt some of the boys but recently, rambling with their sisters...for no make-believe pet... you can see that...Consecration to a new service - the highest in our Order - devotion to the Fuhrer, death to the enemy, blind obedience and unswerving loyalty...they do not falter... They do not flinch...They are no less... human - the Eternal Country Virtues!" (Symbols of admiration. Hitler leans forward and jovially pinches German cheek)

SCENE: SONG SAMPLE BY [illegible]. [illegible] ARE [illegible] IN DS IN STADIUM. HIT. [illegible] LOW LOW, SOUND WAVE TO SCENE. [illegible] MILLIONS. [illegible] SCENE.

NARRATOR: "Could I speak here?...That voice could be heard above the united voice of Germany... Here I speak ..."

listen to your Fuhrer, who alone has the words of national significance..."

(Hitler s peaks impassionedly from films. Raves. Rants. Perspires, etc. At high point in tirade, there is a disturbance at rear of room as late-comers effect entry and attempt to gain places. Suddenly an ear-piercing squawk from speaking Hitler. Lights go out. Sound track continues for a second longer - ludicrously, like a broken record. Irate protests from audience. Voice of Goebbels heard angrily calling for lights, and, as they are turned on, a smartly-dressed woman - medium height, slightly on the buxom side - is revealed stooped, in the act of disengaging projector's extension cord from her ankle. She looks up, directly into the face of Hitler. Begins to apologize, stammeringly...and, then, with charming surrender to the situation, laughs winningly)

BRAUN (Holding side and baring beautiful teeth) "Oh - Verzeihung...Bitte, verzeihung, Herr Fuhrer ... I...I.."

HITLER (Who has been regarding her entranced. Shakes head) "L ady, I bow to the best critic of this assembly" (he turns to Goebbels. C urtly) "That will be enough". (Then, to others in group, with wave of his hand) "I am sure Frau Goebbels is itching to prove that her husband alone is not our excellent host."

(Group disperses informally as before - male members congregating around Hitler who - glancing every now and then in direction of Eva Braun - has taken his stand by a large rotating globe. Females gather around Emmy Goering. Buzz of Deutsche conversation. Voice of Hitler audible in familiar histrionics of one who wishes to attract attention to self).

GOEBBELS (Rubbing hands together triumphantly) "Well - you must admit that these last pictures, anyway - " (His

voice trails off, as he observes the Fuhrer's pre-occupation. He clears throat noticeably and raises voice) "These last pictures, Fuhrer - "

HITLER (With start) "Of course, Josef. These last pictures?" (He raises voice interrogatively)

GOEBBELS (With broad smile of tolerance) "Well - just what do you think of <u>them?</u>

HITLER (Continuing to regard Braun all the while he speaks) "Superb...Superb...Just the sort of thing we need for export".

FRITSCHE (Quizzically) "Export?"

HITLER (Rejoining exchange with animation) "Absolutely..For export to South America and to Mexico...That is exactly what I mean".

(Pause as circle of listeners contracts about him)

HITLER "If ever there is a place where democracy is suicidal and senseless, - it is in South America...We must strengthen these peoples' clear conscience, so that they may be enabled to throw both their liberalism and their democracy overboard...Why, they are actually ashamed of their good instincts! They think they must still give lip service to democracy...So we must send our people, as well as our films, out to them...Our youth must learn to colonize... Audac ious youth is what we want...They need not go into the jungle, either, to clear ground..What we want are people in good society - above suspicion and beyond scruple".

voice trails off. As he observes the Fuhrer's pre-occupa-
tion. He clears throat noticeably and raises voice)

"These last pictures, Fuhrer - "

HITLER (With scorn) "Of course, Doger. These last pictures?
(He raises voice interrogatively)

GOEBBELS (With broad smile of tolerance) "Well - just what
do you think of them?

HITLER (Continuing to recite from all the walls he speaks)
"Superb...superb...Just the sort of thing we need for
export".

MITCHAM (Quizzically) "Export?"

HITLER (Registering exclusive with annoyance) "Absolutely...For
export to Czechoslovakia and to Poland...That is exactly
what I mean".

(Pause as circle of listeners converge, about him)

HITLER "If ever there is a place where democracy is ridicul-
ed and despised, - it is in South America...We must educa-
tion these peoples! Show nonsense, so that they may be
enable to share with their liberation the joy of democracy
overthere... Why, they are actually ashamed of their poor
inferiors! They think only about their well, are ill service
to democracy...We do what send our people, as well as our
films, out to them...Our youth must learn to calculate...
Make long range is what we want...They have got to into
the jungle, either, to clear ground...that to WHAT are
people in good society - above observation and beyond
cor-ple".

GOEBBELS (Shaking head negatively) "Knowledge and experience would seem to suggest America - that is, the United States of America - as the most fertile field for exploitation".

HANFSTANGEL (Contemptuously) "The U.S! The Yankee seated upon a throne of money-bags, holding a dollar bill for scepter!..Phooey!...I used to be a Harvard man. I know. But would they listen to me?...The only revolution they knew about was Piers Plowman - interpreted philologically by Professor Kittredge!"

GOEBBELS (Passionately) "On the con - trary! ... Nothing will be easier than to produce a bloody revolution in North America...No other country has so many social and racial tensions..We shall be able to play on many strings there...The United States alone is a medley of ill-assorted races.. The ferment goes on under a cover of democracy; but it will never lead to a new form of freedom or leadership, but to a process of decay containing all, and more, of the disintegrating forces of Europe.. Don't worry...The America of today will never again be a danger to us".

HITLER (Crossly) "Josef is right...It is a mistake to assume they were a danger to us even in the last war.. Compared the British and French, the Americans behaved like clumsy boys. They ran straight into the line of fire, like young rabbits...The American is no soldier.. The inferiority and decadence of this allegedly new world is most evident in its military inefficiency".

GONERIL (Shaking head negatively) "Knowledge and experience would seem to suggest America - that is, the United States of America - as the most fertile field for exploitation".

BARRETT (Contemptuously) "The U.S: The Yankee essay upon a throne of money-bags, holding a collar bill for sceptre!...Phooey!...I used to be a native son. I know. But mouth they listen to me?...The only revolution they know about was Pierpont Morgan - Interpreter Philosophically by Professor Kittredge!"

GONERIL (Sardonically) "Oh the cow - story! ... Nothing will be easier than to produce a bloody revolution in North America...To other country has so many social and political tendices..We shall be ahl co-play on many strings there...The United States have in a medley of ill-assorted races.. The Government goes on under a cover of democracy; but it will never lead to a new form of freedom or leadership, but to a process of decay constituting old, and more, of the disintegrating forces of Europe.. Don't worry...The question of today will never again be a burning to me".

HELENA (Coolly) "Dad is right...It is a wise to nations they were a danger to us even in the last war.. Compared the British and French, the Americans behaved like cowardly boys. They ran straight into the line of fire, like young rabbits...The American is no soldier.. The brutality and decadence of this already mere world is most evident in its military inefficiency".

GOERING "Nevertheless, I should like to be allowed to express a most humble warning" (stops to munch olives picked from tray) .. "that the Americans ought not to be underestimated".

HITLER (Piqued) "Who says anything of underestimation? Have you forgotten that the declaration of German as the national language of the United States was lost by only one vote in Congress?..The German component of the American people will again be the source of its political and mental resurrection!"

GOERING "Do you mean - "

HITLER (Interrupting) "This is exactly what I mean...We shall soon have an S.A. in America.. We shall train our youth. And we shall have men whom degenerate Yankeedom will be unable to challenge... Into the hands of this youth will be given the great s tatesmanlike mission of Washington which this corrupt democracy has trodden under foot.. For democracy is the last disgusting death-rattle of a corrupt and out-worn system which is a blot on the history of this people... Since the Civil War, the Americans have been in a condition of political and popular decay. For, in that war, it was not the Southern States, but the American people themselves who were conquered.. America has ever since been drawn deeper into the mire of self-destruction... By that war, the beginnings of a great new social order based on the principle of slavery and inequality were destroyed; and,

GOERING "Never-the-less, I should like to be allowed to express a most humble warning" (stops to sound olives picked from tray) .. "that the Americans ought not to be underestimated".

HITLER (piqued) "You say anything of underestimation? Have you forgotten that the declaration of German as the national language of the United States was lost by only one vote in Congress?..The German component of the American people will again be the source of its political and mental resurrection!"

GOERING "Do you mean - "

HITLER (interrupting) "This is exactly what I mean...We shall soon have an S... in America... We shall train our youth and we shall have men whom degenerate Europeans will be unable to challenge... Into the hands of this youth will be given the great & tremendous mission of Washington which this corrupt democracy has trodden underfoot.. For democracy is the last disgusting death-rattle of a corrupt and out-worn system which is a blot on the history of this people... Since the Civil War, the Americans have been in a condition of political and cultural decay. For, in that war, it was not the Southern States, but the American people themselves who were defeated.. America has ever since been drifting down into the mire of anti-Christ-destruction... By that war, the beginning of a great new social order based on the principle of slavery or inequality was destroyed, and

with them, a real Herren-class that would have made short shrift of the falsities of liberty and equality..."

(L ong, breathless pause)

STREICHER (Feebly, trying to elbow into conversation) "And will Russia be allowed to see the films, too?"

GOEBBELS (Quickly and scornfully) "There will be no need to export the films to Russia.. No one can keep anything from Russia.. I daresay these films have already been shown in the kinos of the Red Square under the title of 'Siberia Re-born' .."

HITLER (Solemnly, raising hand in gesture of protest) "Mark me, make no jokes about Russia". (Absent-mindedly picks globe from base and fingers it nervously as he speaks) "I do not fear permeation with revolutionary propaganda - from Communists or anybody else. But Russia, whether she is to be a partner or an enemy, is our equal and must be watched...Germany and Russia are in extraordinary fashion complementary to each other.. They are made for each other, I might almost say.. And the danger for us is that we may be absorbed..that we may lose our identity as a nation... Perhaps, I shall not be able to avoid an alliance with Russia... I shall keep that as a trump card... Perhaps, it will be the decisive gamble of my life. But it will never stop me from retracing my steps and attacking Russia when my aims in the West have been attained... It is naive to believe that our rise will always move along a straight line... We shall change our fronts from

with them, a real Better-class that could have been
super shrift of the Realities of liberty and equality..."

(A one, breathless pause)

STRELICKAS (Feebly, trying to elbow into conversation) "And
will Russia be allowed to see the films, too?"

GOERNEYS (Quickly and accordingly) "There will be no need to
export the films to Russia.. No one can keep anything
from Russia.. I daresay these films have already been
shown in the Kinos of the Red Square under the title of
'Siberia Re-born!'.."

BITSKA (Solemnly, relaxing back in posture of protest) "Work
me, back to jokes about Russia". (Absent-mindedly picks
flake from beer and fingers it nervously as he speaks)
"I do not feel preoccupation with revolution by proxy -
from Communists or anybody else. But Russia, whether
she is to be a partner or an enemy, is our equal and
must be watched...Goerneys and Russia are in extraordinary
feeling complementary to each other.. They are made for
each other. I might almost say... are the desert for us if
that we may be absorbed..then we may lose our identity in
a nation... perhaps, I shall not be able to avoid an al-
liance with Russia... I shall keep that as a trump card...
perhaps, it will be the dominative gamble of my life. But
it will never stop me from testing my abscess on attack-
ing Russia when my aims in the West are much attainable...
It is naive to believe that our ships will always move
along a straight line... We shall change our course from

time to time - and not alone the military ones..... Of course, that does not mean that I will refuse to walk part of the road together with the Russians - if that will help us....."

(Goering has begun to yawn; Goebbels to fidget. But Hitler - always watching Braun out of corner of eye to follow "see what a big boy am I" effect - continues theatrically: clenching fists, rolling eyes, looking heaven-ward)

HITLER "But we alone can win...We MUST conquer...We must garner the victory of German race-consciousness our - "

(At this instant, Braun passing by on way to exit, drops glove. Wheeling to retrieve same, Hitler lets globe fall splintering to floor)

BRAUN (Who has already retrieved glove) "Thank you, my Fuhrer". (Then, with graceful bow and ill-concealed suggestion of amused laugh twitching at corners of mouth, exits. Hitler stands dumbfounded above the shattered globe, following her exit fixedly.)

HITLER (Turning suddenly, as from trance) "Hoffman! Hoffman! Who <u>is</u> that woman?"

time to time - and not alone the military one.....

Of course, that does not mean that I will refuse to walk part of the road together with the Russians - if that will help us....."

(Goering has begun to yawn; Ribbentrop is fidgeting. But Hitler - always watching intently out of corner of eye to follow "see what's hit my Führer" effect - continues tuneftlessly: clenching fists, rolling eyes, looking heaven-ward)

HITLER "But we alone can win...we MUST conquer...we must achieve the victory of German race-consciousness over - "

(At this instant, Brown passing by on way to exit, drops glove. Impulsively to retrieve same, Hitler lets globe fall splintering to floor)

HEAD (Who has already retrieved glove) "Thank you, my Führer". (Then, with graceful bow and ill-concealed suggestion of amused laugh twitching at corners of mouth, exits. Hitler stands dumbfounded above the shattered globe, following her exit flackly.)

HITLER (Turning sudden, as from trance) "Gottfrieda! Hell-ooo! Who is that woman?"

Scene Five

TIME: 1936 PLACE: Bavarian Village Square

(The scene is brief and, suddenly, climactic, rendered effective by deliberate contrast between bucolic pageantry of festival and iron terribleness of Hitler's concluding oration. Superficial sweetness and light ruthlessly dashed as holiday-goers freeze to automatons beneath icy control of Hitler.

Transition flashes between this and preceding scene depict kaleidescopic views of Hitler's face, recorded successively, and vertiginously, in all manner of montage expression: ecstasy, rage, accusation, joy, etc., all culminating in one large, clearer, and finally static, expression of pleasure.

Therefore, as action of scene commences, Hitler - standing in rear-seat of open Daimler (rear left) - is beaming upon the children assembled for Mother's Day celebration. Crowd, gathered in garlanded square, festive in alpen dracht: dirndls, leather shorts, feathered Tyrolean hats. Conspicuously present also are bronzed cyclists of Hitler Jugend ilk - brassiereless Brunhildes in well-filled slacks and blond youths in familiar Hitler Jugend vizor and jersey, assertive, aggressive, challenging. Band (from platform right center) blares spasmodically: "Ach, Der Lieber " etc.; and whole platz rings with "Gruss Gott" and gemut-lichkeit - until bald, bespectacled burgomeister (tufts of white hair hanging over ears; thickly humorous accent in <u>very</u> German voice) quiets crowd with much amusing difficulty).

BURGOMEISTER (Clearing throat and adjusting spectacles pompously) "Unt now - damen unt herren - we haf the gala occasion of - of - of - " (squints at crumpled sheet in hands; shrugs shoulders, and goes on with determined air

of one who seeks to avoid embarrassment by hurrying over difficulties) "of the gala occas - i - on" (general snickers and some laughter) - "the presentation of Deutsches Mutter's medals by the Fuhrer himself ..."

(Cheers and cries of "Heil, Hitler! Heil, Hitler!")

BURGOMEISTER "I vill read der names of all der gut mothers of our com-mun-ity who haf borne...this year... a child for der Faterland .... So-oo " (indicating) "line up... these mothers..."

VOICE FROM CROWD (Sotto voce - Irish whisper variety) "Psst!"

(Burgomeister looks up from paper, startled)

VOICE (In exaggerated whisper, as bandsmen nudge Burgomeister and point out interrogator) "With our babies, Herr Burgomeister?"

BURGOMEISTER (Bewidlered) "Ach..." (Clasps hand over mouth and looks helplessly across platz towards Hitler. Hitler smiles broadly, amiably; and, without a word, - as though prompting him privately, - nods a vigorous, amused affirmation).

BURGOMEISTER (Boldly) "Naturlich, mitt der kinder ... Naturlich.. Bring der children to der Fuhrer".

(Good-natured laughter and applause)

(As women file to car to be decorated - Hitler kissing the babies effusively, etc., - the Burgomeister continues to read the list, with many perplexities and mispronunciations that keep him scratching his head dubiously)

BURGOMEISTER "Frau Lili Raucher...Frau Rosi Oberst... Frau

of one who seeks to avoid embarrassment by carrying over difficulties) "of the pile-cases - I - our" (General enlisters and some laughter) - "the presentation of questions matters, and is by the Fuhrer himself ..."

(Cheers and cries of "Heil, Hitler! Heil, Hitler!")

BURGOMEISTER "I will read for names of all her sons mothers or our con-mun-ity who her homes..this year... - only for her Interlude .... Co-co " (in-the-thing) "Time up... these mothers..."

VOICE FROM CROWD (Soto voce - Irish whisper variety) "Hitler!"

(Burgomeister looks up from paper, startled)

VOICE (In exaggerated whisper, as Burgomeister raises and points out interrupter) "Ish our leader, Herr Burgomeister"

BURGOMEISTER (Reviewed) "Ach..." (clasps hand over mouth and looks helplessly across place towards Hitler. Here lev smiles broadly, amicably; and, without a word, - as though prompting him privately, - nods a vigorous, amused affirmation).

BURGOMEISTER (Quickly) "Natrulich, mit der Kinder ... natrlich.. Bring der children to der Fuhrer".

(Good-natured laughter and applause)

(As woman file to be to be decorated - Hitler kissing the babies affectionately, etc.. - the Burgomeister continues to read the list, with many orgiastic and disappointment-tion; then sees his correction, his head humbly)

BURGOMEISTER "Frau Gill Sauchet...Frau Josi Oberst... Frau

Bertha Raubal... Fraulein" (he shakes his head and scrutinizes paper closely) "Fraulein Leni Schmidt... Frau Starnberg" (apologetically) .."Frau Adelaide Starnberg...Frau Greta Leeb...Fraulein Mia Daitz..."

(Voice fades; and, as end of line approaches car, band commenced prelude to vocal - Mutter's Geburtstag - by huge, maternal woman, who has, puffingly, hauled self up on platform. She sings, tenderly and beautifully):

"Mutter ich habe an Gluck gedacht
Mutter ich habe die Rosen gebacht,"

etc.

(Cf. attached phonograph record)
Odeon: Biem, ve 3163
Mutter's Geburtstag by Ernst Arnold
Rudolph Petz

(Spell of aria effects pause upon conclusion. Follow bursts of enthusiastic applause, with truly continental "Bravos!" - none more fervent than those of the Fuhrer)

BURGOMEISTER (After shaking hands, time and again, with the singer and assisting her to descend, returns to rail) "No voice, however... is so beautiful " (here his own cracks miserably and the crowd snickers) "so beautiful as that of the Fuhrer..speaking to his children... Herren und Damen" (a ridiculous tremolo creeps into his voice as the crisis of introduction approaches; and he ends, pantingly, in hoarse whisper) - "Your Fuhrer!" (Speechless, he raises arm in salute and the whole crowd is galvanized into automatic, booming response)

CROWD "Heil, Hitler!"

(Tenderness has vanished from Hitler's aspect. Medium of mass emotion, he stands

Berthe Marchal... Fräulein" (He shakes his head and scrutinizes paper closely) "Fräulein Hent Schmidt... Frau Steinberg" (apologetically) .."Frau Gerlinde Steinberg...Frau Grete Beck...Fräulein Mia Weiss..."

(Voice fades; and, as end of line approaches cor, band commences prelude to vocal - Mutter's Geburtstag - by Huss, maternal woman, sub bass, quietly, seated self on on platform. One stage, tenderly and beautifully):

"Mutter ich habe an dich gedacht
Mutter ich habe die Rosen gebracht,"

etc.

(Cf. attached phonograph record)
Odeon: Bien, ve olde
Mutter's Geburtstag by ernst Trunk
Rudolph Seta

(Growth of erie effects pause upon consciousness. Hollow bursts of enthusiastic applause, with strong continental "Bravos!" - more more - fervent than those of the Fuhrer)

(After shutting hands, time and again, with the singer and assisting her to descend, return to trail) "Ich voice, however... is so beautiful" (Here his own graces miserably and the crowd snickers) "so beautiful as that of the Fuhrer..speaking to ni. children... German and Deutsch" (a ridiculous tremolo crosses into his voice as the crisis of introduction approaches; and he sinks, painfully, in hoarse whisper) - "Your Fuhrer!" (Speechless, he raises arm in salute and the whole mass is galvanized into action etc, bursting transcendent)

CROWD "Heil, Hitler!"

(Tenderness has vanished from Hitler's aspect. Feeling of mad emotion, he stamps

entranced, his features rigidifying visibly...
Chill of suspense in long pause)

HITLER "I do not come to tell you of faery tales and folkish lore...You are not children... who stand today at the door of destiny... though you have the youth, and the strength of youth, to open this door for Germany...

"I would begin my work with the young - to insure its success... For we older ones are used up.. We are rotten to the marrow. We have no untrained instincts left. We are cowardly and sentimental from bearing the burden of a humiliating past. We are tired from the dull recollection of serfdom and servility... But my magnificent youngsters! Are there finer ones anywhere in the world? Just look at these young men and boys! ... With this material I can make a new world.

"But my teaching is hard. Weakness has to be knocked out of my youth. F or in my Jugend Schulen a youth will grow up before whom the world will shrink back - a violently active, dominating, intrepid, BRUTAL youth... that is what I am after. Youth must be indifferent to pain... There must be no weakness or tenderness in it... I want to see once more in its eyes the gleam of pride and the independence of the beast of prey...

"I will have no intellectual training.. Knowledge is ruin to my young men. Therefore, I would have them learn only what takes their fancy ... But one thing they MUST learn - self command! ... They shall learn to

entrance, his features rigidly the vision...
Chill of suspense in long pause)

HITLER "I do not come to tell you of I cry tales and fables
love...You are not children... the storm today at the
door of destiny... though you have the youth, and the
strength of youth, to open this door for Germany...
"I would begin my work with the young - to insure its
success... for we older ones are used up.. We are rotten
to the marrow. We have no unshaken instincts left.
We are cowardly and exhausted from bearing the burden
of a humiliating past. We are tired from the dull re-
collection of servitude and servility... But my magnificent
youngsters! Are there finer ones anywhere in the world?
Just look at these young men and boys! ... With this
material I can make a new world.
"But my teaching is hard. Nothing has to be knocked out
of my youth. For in my Ordens Castles a young will
grow up before whom the world will shrink back - a vi-
olently active, dominating, intrepid, SHATTER youth...
that is what I am after. Youth must be indifferent to
pain... There must be no weakness or tenderness in it...
I want to see once more in its eyes the gleam of wild
and the independence of the beast of prey...
"I will have no intellectual training... Knowledge
is vain to my young men. Therefore, I would have
them learn only that being obedience ... But one thing
they MUST learn - self command! ... They shall learn to

overcome the fear of death, under the severest tests... That is the intrepid stage of youth.. Out of it comes the stage of the free man who is substance of the world - the creative man, the god-man!

"Therefore - shrink from no hardship ... War is most natural - the most everyday matter. War is universal. There is no beginning and there is no peace. War is life. War is the origin of all things...

"You are the young Hannibals of My New O rder. Before the perpetual fires of national patriotism, I consecrate you anew to an eternal vow - undying hatred for the forces that humiliated us, and a glorious resurrection for the honor of Germany!"

(Moment's awed silence.. As Hitler, saluting, drives off, large yellow road sign is revealed where car stood, bearing in blue letters the one word: DACHAU. Muffled sound of receding motor. Treble chorus of children's "Heils", ending breathlessly. SUDDEN look of grief pinches faces of peasant women - dumb and uncomprehending - as they stand behind children. Fade, all but one which grows larger and more fixed).

overcome the fear of death, under the severest tests...
That is the intrepid stage of youth.. out of it comes
the stage of the free man who is substance of the
world - the creative man, the god-man!

"Therefore - shrink from no hardship ... War is
most natural - the most everyday matter. War is uni-
versal. There is no beginning and there is no peace.
War is life. War is the origin of all things...

"You are the young Hannibals of the new Order.
Before the perpetual fires of national patriotism, I
consecrate you anew to an eternal vow - weighing hatred
for the forces that humiliated us, and a glorious re-
surrection for the honor of Germany!"

(Momentary wild silence.. As Hitler,
satisfied, drives off, large yellow rock sign
is revealed where our stage, bearing in
blue letters the one word: "ADOLF".
Thrilled sound of receding motor. Treble
chorus of children's "Hells", and the
resentulgent. (Middle look of relief
princess face of reborn woman - dumb
and uncomprehending - as they stand
behind children. Fade, as but one which
grows larger and more fixed).

Scene Six

TIME: 1937 PLACE: Reichschancellery

The scene is the same as Scene 3 - except that portrait of Bismarck has been replaced by idealized, full-length conception of the Fuhrer in medieval armor, astride white charger. Garish, over-sized swastika, plaque hangs above the eagle embossed on the chimney; and, on the extreme right, next the doors, several large Nazi banners unfurled from a single floor stand. Typical Nazi innovation to this milieu are the now mechanically-controlled doors - swinging open so abruptly as to occasion unnerving surprise each time announcement is made and entrance effected. Hitler is seated at desk. Darre to right front standing beside easel which holds idealized propaganda poster of peasant woman (c.f. attached) - the same, the first flash of the scene, abstracted from line of peasant mothers at conclusion of preceding scene, and held steady as others fade).

HITLER (Studying portrait variously and speaking with hesitancy) "H-mm... She's healthy enough ... But .. why all the clothes?" (Laughs, chidingly) "You have spent too much time in musty libraries, Walther; and have forgotten that this is the 20th Century.. Our madchen swim naked in the Danube these days!"

DARRE (Defending his conception) "But s he's a PEASANT, Herr Hitler - not a bathing beauty!"

HITLER (Impatiently) "So what?... Put her in shorts and let her stride bare-limbed and bronzed among the yellow stalks of Donau wheat - free and untrammelled as the new forces we represent.."

DARRE "But-but--" (Spluttering interrupted as doors swing

open and stentorian voice booms)

VOICE "Herr Von Ribbentrop, Foreign Minister of the Reich!"

(Ribbentrop, sleek in diplomatic uniform, strides to desk in obvious agitation. Salutes mechanically)

RIBBENTROP "Heil, Hitler".

HITLER (Eying him nervously) "Ach so... Joachim?"

RIBBENTROP "Begging your Excellency's pardon, Herr Fuhrer. But these intractable Slavs have exceeded all bounds again... This time they have exasperated me thoroughly - with another incident - provoked along the borderland in Danzig... They are getting IDEAS, Fuhrer. They are even talking about a plebiscite before we move in to claim our lawful inheritance!... We must stop them at all costs. We must take drastic action. We must.... MARCH!"

HITLER (Solemnly, after a moment's bowed deliberation) "You are right, Joachim".

RIBBENTROP (Beaming with enthusiasm, leans across desk to clasp Fuhrer's hand) "Thank you, my Fuhrer. Viel, viel danke.. Danka schön". (Heils and exits)

(Hitler sighs audibly and makes as if to turn to poster once more, whereupon doors swing inward again, causing both Hitler and Darre to start. They look at each other sheepishly)

VOICE "Herr Piotr Ladislaw Boleslas Lawzadek, Minister from Poland".

(Lawzadek bustles in angrily, muttering to self. Throws salute at equestrian portrait in passing, and stops abruptly before Hitler's desk)

open and stentorian voice booms)

VOICE: "Herr Von Ribbentrop, Foreign Minister of the Reich!"

(Ribbentrop, clad in civilian uniform, strides to desk in curious agitation. Salutes mechanically)

RIBBENTROP: "Heil, Hitler".

HITLER: (Eyeing him nervously) "Ach so... Geschichte?"

RIBBENTROP: "Begging your Excellency's pardon, Herr Führer. But these intolerable Slavs have exceeded all bounds again... This time they have [illegible] as thoroughly - with another incident - proved alone the degeneration in Poland... They are nothing Herr, Führer. They are even taking about a plebiscite before we move in to claim our lawful inheritance!... We must step once and all costs. We must take drastic action. We must.... WATCH!"

HITLER: (Solemnly, after a moment's bowed deliberation) "You are right, Herr Von Ribbentrop".

RIBBENTROP: (Smoothly with satisfaction, leans across desk to place Führer's hand) "Thank you, my Führer. Vital, vital decision.. Bring action". (Hails and exits)

(Hitler stares blankly and seems as if he been to pacify some [illegible]. Ribbentrop [illegible] turns [illegible] again, consoling both Hitler and Tarro to [illegible]. They look at each other [illegible] blankly)

VOICE: "Herr Alois Lindstow Polanius [illegible], Minister from Poland".

(Lewandowski hurtles in hurriedly, muttering to self. Throws salute at [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible], and [illegible] before Hitler's desk)

LAWZEDEK (Gruffly) "Heil, Hitler" (Continues to mutter to self all the while he holds salute)... "Excellency - I know I can count on you for devotion to Poland" (Hitler nodding affirmatively, meanwhile).. "Why must we be made to suffer these provocations along our border? And in Danzig?... You KNOW we are peace-loving... You know the honorable character of the Polish nobility" (Straightens proudly and shoots one arm forth in salute which Hitler, in pantomime, returns seriously) "It is unlawful, Herr Fuhrer... It is unjust... It is embarrassing... It is expensive... It must STOP!"

HITLER (Nodding solemnly, before speaking) "You are right, Herr Minister".

LAWZADEK (Effusively, looking rapturously upwards) "Dobrze, dobrze, etc." (In torrent of Polish) "Heil,Hitler" (Thunderously, in tones that cause Hitler to wince. Throws salute at portrait again as he exits, causing Hitler and Darre to jump again).

(Hitler sighs and turns to Darre who wears bewildered look)

DARRE "But, Fuhrer ... you...you..." (He raises first left hand, then right. Finally, shrugs shoulders questioningly).

HITLER "Walther... You are right... Quite right".

(Long pause as Hitler goes to easel and regards poster fixedly)

HITLER (Musingly) "You had something to complain about yourself, Walther, did you not?... (Darre wrinkles

LA'ZDEK (Hautily) "Heil, Hitler" (Continues to mutter to self all the while he holds salute)... "Excellency - I swor I can count on you for devotion to Polen." (Hitler nodding affirmatively, mechanically).. "Ah, must we be made to suffer these provocations along our borders, and in Danzig?... You know, we are peace-loving... We have the honorable character of the Polish nobility" (Straightens proudly and shoots out chest in salute which slides in pantomime, returns sullenly) "It is unheard, Herr Führer... It is unjust... It is exploitation... It is cruelty ... It must STOP!"

HITLER (Mocking solemnly, before speaking) "You are right, Herr Minister".

LA'ZDEK (Crossively, leaning representatively) "Force, torture, etc." (In torrent of Polish) "Heil, Hitler" (Thunderously, in tones that cause Hitler to wince. Throws salute apoplectically again as he exits, causing Hitler and Ivre to jump again).

(Hitler alone now turns to face the man seated. Deliberated look)

PAUL "Huh, Führer ... you...you..." (He raises first left hand, then right. Finally, shrugs shoulders questioning-ly).

HITLER "Neither... You are right... Quite right".

(Long pause as Hitler goes to desk and regards poster idiotly)

HITLER (Musingly) "You had something to complain about yourself, Hitler, did you not?... (Pause as Hitler

forehead) ... "Something about the difficulties in your campaign for more births among our madchen?" (Turns and looks directly at the savant).

DARRE "Oh, that is it... They refuse to cooperate".

HITLER "You mean they will NOT have babies for the State?"

DARRE "Oh, there are babies aplenty, Herr Fuhrer - as many cradles as cabbages, in Bavaria and Niederdonau".

HITLER "Well - what is the trouble then? .. Can't you persuade the maidens of the dignity of childbirth outside of wedlock?... Gott in Himmel knows I secure you and Rosenberg enough appropriations for your folk-lore!"

DARRE "The illegitimate birth-rate in Munich is still highest in Europe, Fuhrer. But..." (Throws up hands despairingly)... "This Christian competition is too strong!... They don't NEED the justification I have elaborated. They just have them and go back to church..."

HITLER (Pacing up and down room in rage, waving hands and shouting at top of voice) "Oh, these poisoners of Youth! These - these arch-polluters of the nations young... I'll drag them through every Court in Germany... The crooks!.. The robbers! ... I'll have them on morals charges - down to the last nun and lay brother...That's what comes of your pity-ethics and the Sacrament of Penance, Darre! No honor... No sense of shame.... Oh, these seducers of our spotless maidenhood!"... (He clenches fists as though in pain).

DARRE (Weakly) "But we still have the babies, Fuhrer".

forehead) ... "Something about the difficulties in your campaign for more little money out madchen?" (Turns and looks directly at the savant).

"Oh, that is it... They refuse to cooperate".

"You mean they will NOT have babies for the Führer?"

"Oh, there are babies aplenty, but rather - as many crucifixes as cabbages, in Bavaria and Vienerhoman".

HITLER "Well - what is the trouble then? .. Can't you persuade the matrons of the fidelity of emigrants outside of wedlock?... Gate ist liebsel Gross I secure you and Bosenscere enough of propitiations for your folk-lore!"

"The illegitimate stern-sate in Germany is still hi most in Europe, Führer. But..." (Turns up lamps deprecatingly)... "This Christian competition is too strong!... They don't need the justification I have elaborated. They just have them and go back to church..."

GUESTS (Looking up and down room in rage, waving hands and shouting at top of voice) "Oh, these potentates of Yonta! These - these arch-politicks of the nations year... I'll see them through every court in Germany... The crocks!.. The robbers!... I'll have them on some is enemies - down to the last man and by bryhnt...That's what comes of your tit-shines and the Government of Germany, Herr! No taxes... No sense of shame.... Oh, terse mahunts of our poorlies - idenhof!"... (He clenches fists as though in rage).

(Weakly) "But - what shall we do with babies, Führer".

HITLER "Shut Up! You!" (Seizing portrait from easel, raises same over Darre's head) "You - you- penny illustrator of faded fairy tales..."

(At this,doors swish back)

VOICE "Guilielmo Cardinal Consalvi, Papal Nuncio to Germany!"

(The cardinal enters slowly, tall and accipitrane, with the assurance of innate dignity, perfected in long tradition)

HITLER (Awkwardly thrusting portrait in front of the frightened Darre and f orcing smile, bows jerkily) "Excellency.... "We were just discussing the merits of this poster with Herr Darre" (Indicates portrait).

CONSALVI (Following gesture quizzically) "Bitte?" (Steps closer to study picture)..... "Not enough oomph, I'd say" (then hurriedly) "that is, for Doctor Darre's scholarly program... But, then, who knows so little about women as a churchman - except, perhaps " (he addresses himself to Darre) "except, perhaps, a philosophe?"

HITLER "There... You see, Walther.... As I told you, it will never do" (Handing picture back to Darre).. Try again, if you will- perhaps, after some suggestion of his Eminence?"

CONSALVI (As Darre exits, tome under one arm, easel under other) "I am afraid our Madonnas are too old-fashioned to be sufficiently Nordic".

(Pause)

HITLER (Uncomfortably... with trace of irritation creeping into voice) "Well, Cardinal...? You know it is

HITLER "Shut Up! You!" (Seizing portrait from easel, raises same over Dorre's head.) "You - you- penny journalist or faded fairy tales..."

(At this, Dorre swish back)

VOICE "Guillelmo Cardinal Consalvi, Papal Nuncio to Germany!"

(The cardinal enters slowly, tall and ascetic-trene, with the assurance of length CENTURY, perfected in long tradition)

HITLER (Awkwardly thrusting portrait in front of the frightened Dorre and f orcing smile, bows jerkily) "Excellency.... We were just discussing the merits of this poster with Herr Dorre" (Indicates portrait).

CONSALVI (Following gesture quizzically) "Hitler" (Steps closer to study picture)..... "Not enough <u>power</u>, I'd say" (then musingly) "that is, for Doctor Dorre's scholarly process... but, then, who knows so little about women as a churchman - except, perhaps " (he addresses himself to Dorre) "except, perhaps, a philosopher"

HITLER "There... You see, either.... as I told you, it will never do" (Handing picture back to Dorre).. "Try again, if you will- perhaps, after some study of his Eminence"

CONSALVI (As Dorre exits, tone under one arm, kneel under other) "I am afraid our Germans are too old-fashioned to be sufficiently Nordic".

(Pause)

HITLER (Uncomfortably... with trace of irritation creeping into voice) "Well, Cardinal...? You know it is

difficult for me to construe this as a social visit".

CONSALVI (With affected dreaminess) "Of course.. of course... That was just what the Holy Father was saying to me a few days ago...'Guilielmo'... he said... 'I should feel much more assured about our position in Germany if, instead of a Concordat signed under the lenses of a battalion of photographers, the head of the German Government extended more dinner invitations to my personal representative...' Our archives, you know, are just crammed with concordats, mouldering with the most renowned signatures of 2000 years... but invitations from friends" (voice rises with sad interrogation) - "I sometimes think that is a secondary argument for our doctrine of the Resurrection - to fill up the aching emptiness of the human heart in a better - "

HITLER (Interrupting) "Come to the point... Eminence" (His voice is cold and hostile).

CONSALVI (Continuing to speak casually) "There is the matter of... the <u>incident</u>, may I say " (emphasizes word sardonically).. "of the recent defenestration of Cardinal Innitzer in Vienna".

HITLER (With short, sharp laugh) "What do you want? .. A reimbursement for the windows?"

CONSALVI (Lightly chiding) "But you miss the point, Herr Hitler!.. Completely!.. We have thousands of windows - rose, stained glass - the best in all Europe; and those smashed in Vienna were hardly 300 years old - and <u>imitations</u>, at that" (mock confidence in word 'imitation')..

difficult for me to construe this as a social visit".

CONSALVI (with affected preciseness) "Of course.. of course... That was just what the Holy Father was saying to me a few days ago...'Guillelmo'... he said... 'I should feel much more assured about our position in Germany if, instead of a Concordat signed under the lances of a battalion of photographers, the head of the German Government extended more dinner invitations to my personal representative...' Our archives, you know, are just crammed with concordats, mouldering with the most revered signatures of 2000 years... but invitations from friends" (voice rises with sudden interpretation) - "I sometimes think that is a secondary argument for our doctrine of the Assumption - to fill up the aching emptiness of the human heart in a better - "

HITLER (interrupting) "Come to the point... Nuncio" (his voice is cold and hostile).

CONSALVI (Continuing to speak gently) "There is the matter of... the incident, may I say " (emphasizes very gently).. "of the recent German erection of Cardinal Innitzer in Vienna".

HITLER (with short, short laugh) "What do you want? .. a reinstatement for the man out?"

CONSALVI (firmly, smiling) "But you miss the point, Herr Hitler!.. Completely!.. We have thousands of dioceses - rose, stained glass - the best in all Europe; and those smashed in Vienna were barely 100 years old - and invitations, at least" (much emphasis in word 'invitation')..

"And as for poor Cardinal Innitzer - he is just one cardinal... old, and very little, too... altogether expendable like millions of other Christians in this, or any, age... We are not running out of stained glass windows or cardinals, Herr Hitler.. But YOU are running out of something else... something you can ill afford - good faith among the family of world nations".

HITLER (Cold note rising in tightened throat) "So?"

CONSALVI "So - it is time for a re-statement of policies..to clarify your - shall I say, elusive? - position; and to reassure our own... Now, I suggest that, as a matter of courtesy - while world attention is still focused upon the recent activities of your Storm Troopers in Vienna, - you word it as an apology for the... the.. unfortunate... regrettable.. incident - "

HITLER (Voice rising) "Apology! Apology! - Do you hope to make another German crawl to Canossa?... In this day and age?... You are more foolish than I dared to hope--"

CONSALVI "We are enjoined to make fools of ourselves - for Christ's sake".

HITLER "Oh, no you don't!.. You master of priest-craft". (He smiles triumphantly, as though detecting a ruse). "You won't take ME in with such talk.. You can be sure that I won't be misled to under-estimate you, thus playingi into your adroit, anointed hands.. I know you and your kind,.. Even with a certain admiration... Why it is SOMETHING to have lasted nearly 2000 years!.. The

Catholic Church is a really BIG thing.. Oh, I admire your astuteness and knowledge of human nature. For you Catholic priests know where the shoe pinches.. But your day is done and you know it.. You are far too intelligent to enter upon a hopeless battle... But, if you do" (leers cruelly) -"I shall not repeat Bismarck's mistake and make martyrs out of you... I shall brand you as ordinary criminals... Haul you... nuns and all.. through the courts on morals charges; and throw you to rot in your filth in the lagers. I shall make you appear ridiculous and contemptible.. I shall order you slandered in films so thrilling that youth will desert you and only the old ones limp to your confessionals!"

CONSALVI "Christ says - "

HITLER (Interrupting contemptuously) "Christ says! Why don't you WAKE UP and recognize that the fabric of Christianity is tattered beyond mending... The world of tomorrow will learn to say: 'Nietzsche says' and to agree with him that the only worth-while character in your whole pity-ridden New Testament was Pilate - because he dared to ask your God what is TRUTH!... Why don't you open your eyes and stop opposing me?... You are intelligent.. You are powerful.. I could use you and your splendid organization... The universities and science.. the courts and the public law... the philosophers and political parties: all the other institutions of the land recognize the hand-writing on the wall. Must you alone INSIST upon

Catholic Church is a really BIG things.. Oh, I admire your statesmen and knowledge of human nature. For you Catholic priests know where the show pinches.. But your day is done and you know it.. You are far too intelligent to enter upon a hopeless battle... But, if you do" (I are cruelly) -"I shall not repeat Bismarck's mistake and make martyrs out of you... Trembell! Know you's celibacy principle... Mind you... sure and all.. Always the course on morals changes; and today you be not in your faith in the lager. I shall make you appear ridiculous and contemptible.. I shall order you silenced in time so thrilling that youth will desert you only the old ones live to your confessionalism!"

CONFESSOR "What say - "

FATHER (Interru bing some a pause) "Christ sayd! by God! you ARE OK and recognize that the fabric of Christianity is better, beyond compare... The world of tomorrow is for to my: Unbreakable sayd! and to agree with him that the only earth-shaking factor in your show - religion was Christian - because he 'regrets' say your God what is TRUTH!... Why don't you open your eyes and show opposing me?... You are intelligent.. You are rational.. I could use your energy, splendid organization... The universities are so.. the centre and the public law... the philosophers and politicians - rotten: all the other institutions of the land recognize the bunk-nature on the all. Just you look right at

annihilation?"

(Consalvi does not answer, but continues to regard him steadily)

HITLER (Changing to tone of conciliation) "Look.. None of the others have the faintest conception of a church...They are used to cares and worries learned from the squires. They cannot answer one without bowing and scraping - all for a miserable meal at the foot of the table... But you... I could admire YOU... Even work with you..."

(Consalvi continues silent)

HITLER (Vexed) "Well... what do you say? ... Perhaps, I bend over too far backward... Perhaps, you understand a different tone? ... Don't you know that I could break you.... that, if I wished, I could destroy the Church in a few years? .. You know it is hollow and rotten and false through and through. One push and the whole structure would collapse... Not Henry VIII with his weakness for legality... Not Napoleon with his Gallic dependence upon tradition ever possessed my power to deal with you... They had no substitute to offer.. But I - I do not operate in a vacuum. I am a competitor with you in the same basic field.. Oh, the church was something big, all right. But now WE are its heirs. We, TOO, are a church!"

(As the cardinal makes as if to speak, Hitler raises cautioning hand, and continues:)

HITLER "Don't get the wrong idea, Eminence.. This is not a religion concocted by professors and mystics who want

annihilation?"

(Consalvi does not answer, but continues to regard his mentality)

RITTER (Changing to tone of confiliation) "Look.. None of the others have the faintest conception of a concern...They are used to cares and worries learned from the ancients. They cannot answer one without bowing and scraping - all for a miserable seat at the foot of the table... But you... I could admire YOU... Even work with you..."

(Consalvi continues silent)

RITTER (Vexed) "Well... what do you say? ... Perhaps, I used over too far beside ... Perhaps, you understand a different tone? ... Don't you know that I could break you.... Look, if I wished, I could destroy the Church in few years? .. You know it is rotten and rotten through and through. Our plan and the whole structure would collapse... But Henry VIII gave his message for legality... Not Napoleon with his civilic dependence upon tradition ever forgiven by power to deal with you... They had no substitute to offer.. but I - I do not operate in a vacuum. I am a competitor with you in the same basic field.. so, the church was something else, all right. But now I'll see its halves. Ha, You, are a church!"

(As the cardinal makes a lit to speak, Ritter raises conditioning hand, and continues:)

RITTER "Don't get the wrong idea, Cardinal.. This is not a religion concocted by professors and mystics who want

to exhume runic Nordic rituals.. They merely get in my way; and I tolerate them simply because they step up the general process of disintegration.. All unrest is creative in my scheme.. But you may be sure that I have learned THIS from you: I shall preserve what I can and change its meaning - Easter is no longer resurrection, but the eternal, blood renewal of our people; Christmas is the birth of our savior: the spirit of heroism and struggle; the cross I will replace with the swastika; the worship of our pure, national blood instead of that of the Redeemer; our Communion - the divine fruits of the German soil... and, of course, Eminence" (He bows with mock deference), "the rites of ordination performed on every assembly line, and the holy oils of our New D ispensation poured from every can of our petrol! .. And it is my tanks and Stukas that will go forth to teach all nations!"

CONSALVI (In mock feebleness) "Then... Hitler is God and Goebbels is His Prophet?"

HITLER (Explosively) "GET OUT! Clear out, I say! ... And carry my message to your pope at Rome... I will make you and him - and all Christendom - suffer in every amphitheatre of the New Germany!... I will throw you to the dogs in every village platz... I will make you eat.. eat - "

CONSALVI (Helpfully) "Carpets .. Fuhrer?"

HITLER (Screaming) "GET OUT! GET OUT, I say! .. You WILL leave, do you hear?"

to course ironic Gordic rituals. They merely get in my way; and I tolerate them simply because they step up the general process of misinterpretation.. All unrest is creative in my scheme.. But you may be sure that I have learned THIS from you: I shall preserve what I can and change its meaning - Luther is no longer reincarnation, but the eternal, blood repeated of our people: Christness is the birth of <u>our</u> saviour: the spirit of heroism and strength; the cross I will replace with the swastika; the morality of our pure, virginal blood instead of that of the Redeemer; our Communion - the divine fruits of the German soil... And, of course, Christmas! (He bows with mock deference), "the rites of ordination performed by every assembly line, and the holy oils of our [illegible] regeneration come from every can of our petrol! .. Yes, it is my thoughts and songs that will go forth to teach all nations!"

CONSTANT (In mock tenderness) "Then... Hitler is not the Gordhelm in His Prophecy?"

HITLER (Jocularly) "Get out! Clear out, I say! . . And carry my message to your pope at home... I will make you and him - and all Christendom - suffer in every amphitheatre of the new Germany!... I will lower you to the dogs in every village sleep... I will make you eat.. eat - "

CONSTANT (Helpfully) "Carrots .. Turnips?"

HITLER (Screaming) "Get out! Get out, I say! .. You will leave, do you hear?"

CONSALVI (Putting fingers to ears and making wry face) "Of course.. Herr Hitler... I shall leave."(bowing)... "after dinner".

(Exits, leaving Hitler standing in center of room clasping both hands to head, agonizingly... Moment later doors swish open causing Hitler to jump, ludicrously. He turns wrathfully)

CONSALVI (Gently, from doorway) "Bitte.. Herr Hitler.. But I shall need some.. some petrol for the journey?"

Scene Seven

TIME: September 1938 PLACE: The Fuhrerhaus, Munich

(As in Scene 5, the scene opens with a vertiginous montage of Hitlerian facial variations - whirling, blurring, etc.; and, finally, arresting and merged into one clear image: the physiognomy of Hitler distorted in the midst of a raucous, ear-splitting, ill-natured shout - "Kei-tel! .. KEI-TEL!".. Then, with echo still reverberating, the image dissolves, only to be succeeded by interior view of an official chamber of the Govt. House at Munich. A long table, slightly left of center, set behind with 4 high-backed chairs, all facing front. Before each place, on the glossy table-top, a single sheet of white paper. Balcony, rear center, opens on Konigsplatz - serried ranks of bayonets forward, Par ty banners back, echeloned in depth, to convey impression of crowded square. Double doors swing inward (extreme right), through which Hitler now strides, repeating original call with angry crescendo. "Keitel!" . A moment later, obviously flushed, evidences of outraged dignity visible in his agitation, the monocled Chief of Staff hurries in.)

KEITEL (Clicking heels and bowing curtly) "What can it - What is the meaning of this - Fuhrer?"

HITLER (Expression of rage changing. He glances back towards door slyly before answering. Then, putting fingers to his lips already twitching with a smile that leaves Keitel momentarily bewildered) "Sh-h! .. I - just - wanted to frighten Chamberlin!"

(Recognition dawns slowly in Keitel's eyes; and, as he commences to join Hitler in stifled laughter, the faces of both - first smiling, then convulsed - grow larger, dominate briefly, then

Scene Seven

TIME: September 1943 PLACE: The Fuehrerhaus, Berlin

(As in scene 3, the scene opens with a vertiginous montage of Hitlerian facial variations - writing, birthing, etc.; and, finally, pressing and forced into one clear image: the hysterogenesis of Hitler distorted in the mirror of a raucous, self-splitting, ill-tempered shout - "Hei-tell! .. Hei-Tell!" .. Then, with echo still reverberating, the image dissolves, only to be succeeded by interior view of an official chamber of the Govt. House at Berlin. A long table, slightly left of center, set boxing with a high-backed chairs, all facing front. Before each place, on the glossy table-top, a single sheet of white paper. Heinrich Himmler, center, comes on hobbling - carried rank of Reichsführer for, for the banners back, enshrined in right, to convey impression of crucial status. Bormann, coming toward (extreme right), through which Hitler now strides, respecting original call with hungry expectancy. "Heitel!" a moment later, convulsive flinches, evidence of contrived dignity vitalize in his reflection, the moment (that of the Bormann.)

HITLER (Clicking heels and bowing curtly) "Thank can it - what is the reason of this - Himmler?"

HITLER (Expression of true astonishing. He glances back towards door fully before answering. Then, putting fingers to his high French telephone with a smile that leaves Hitler scarcely (smiling) "Ein-h! .. I - just - wanted to frighten Churchillin!"

(Recognition came slowly in Hitler's eyes; slowly, as he moderates to form Hitler's smirking laughter, the face of Hitler - first smiling, then convulsive - grew larger, [illegible] Hitler's, then

melt into next scene which shows conference room again. This time, however, with the four figures of Hitler, Chamberlin, Daladier, and Mussolini, undulating in the blurred International telephoto flashed to the press of the world after the Pact of Munich.)

(Gradually, one of the figures is seen to bend and write; becomes clearer, as others recede, till it alone - the familiar head of Mr. Neville Chamberlin - attains perfect focus. At first, it is still, the reproduction of a news photo: with the title "DAILY MAIL" and headlines "PEACE IN OUR TIME" above. Slowly animated, Chamberlin smiles; waves paper in his hand, and, as the photo frame lengthens and disappears, he is seen speaking up to typical London crowd from the windows of Buckingham Palace.

CHAMBERLIN "This morning I had another talk with the German Chancellor, Herr Hitler; and here is a paper which bears his name upon it, as well as mine. Some of you, perhaps, have already heard what it contains, but I would just like to read it to you."

CROWD Cheers. Whistles. Etc.

CHAMBERLIN (Holding paper stiffly before him) "We, the German Chancellor and Fuhrer and the British Prime Minister, have had a further meeting today and are agreed in recognizing that the question of Anglo-German relations is of the first importance for the two countries and for Europe..... We regard the agreement signed last night, and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, as symbolic of the desires of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again... We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries; and

we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe".

CROWD "We thank you, Mr. Chamberlin! God bless you, Mr. Chamberlin! etc."

CHAMBERLIN "My good friends, this is the second time in our history that there has come back from Germany to Downing Street, peace with honor".

(It is some time before the cheering of the crowds enabled the Prime Minister to continue)

CHAMBERLIN "I believe it is peace for our time... We thank you from the bottom of our hearts".

CROWD (Responding immediately) "God bless you, Mr. Chamberlin! .. Long live Hitler! Long live the King!"

CHAMBERLIN (Benignantly) "And now I recommend you to go home and sleep quietly in your beds".

(Crowd breaks spontaneously into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". As voices become fainter, image of Chamberlin quivers and, finally, blurs into the original telephoto, with Chamberlin motionless and indistinct as before).

(Another figure bends and writes. Becomes clearer. It is M. Daladier, pictured under the headlines: FIGARO, La Pa ix Pour Le Monde, etc., until - animated in expanding perspective of newspaper photo - he is beheld addressing the Chamber of Deputies in the familiar setting. He speaks English, with pronounced French accent - slowly, listlessly reading with considerable effort:

DALADIER "I accepted the invitation to Munich... It was a question of saving peace which many considered lost beyond recall... I said 'yes' and I regret nothing". (Loud, prolonged cheering from benches) ... "No doubt, I would

we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe".

CHORUS "We thank you, Mr. Chamberlain! God bless you, Mr. Chamberlain! etc."

CHAMBERLAIN "My good friends, this is the second time in our history that there has come back from Germany to Downing Street, peace with honor".

(It is some time before the cheering of the crowds enabled the prime minister to continue)

CHAMBERLAIN "I believe it is peace for our time... We thank you from the bottom of our hearts".

CHORUS (Beginning lustily) "God bless you, Mr. Chamberlain! .. Long live Hitler! Long live the King!"

CHAMBERLAIN (Gaily) "Now now I recommend you to go home and sleep quietly in your beds".

(Chorus breaks spontaneously into "For he's a jolly good fellow". As voices become fainter, figure of Chamberlain quivers and, finally, slides into the original tableau, with Chamberlain motionless and in profile as before)

(Another figure bounds onto platform. Becomes a caricature. It is M. Daladier, pointing wildly towards the Mediterranean, Africa, Corsica, Tunisia, etc., until - stretched to an amazing perspective of perspiration - he is finally addressing the Chamber of Deputies in the familiar setting. He speaks rapidly, with pronounced French accent - slowly, laboriously reading from consulted his effort:

DALADIER "I accepted the invitation to Munich... It was a question of saving peace which many considered lost beyond recall... I said 'yes' and I regret nothing". (Loud, enthusiastic cheering from benches) ... "No doubt, I would

have preferred that all the nations directly concerned be represented... But there was no time to lose.. The least delay might have been fatal.. You know the results of the Munich meeting - we avoided the use of force; we produced, without a shadow of doubt, a Peace Plebiscite in the four countries... It was an effective victory of peace and a moral victory.. Also a human victory... thanks to the good will of all".

(Tumultuous cheering - Vive L a France! Vive Daladier, etc! - follows, with Daladier's perplexed countenance coaxed into semblance of smile by reaction, held fixedly as background for flashes of Parisian rejoicing:

1. Enthusiastic masses cheering in the Place de la Concorde, against well-known back-drop of Neo-Classic facades.

2. Wild celebrations in sidewalk cafes of Latin Quarter. Public osculation. Cocottes dancing with soldiers in streets.

3. Children joyfully digging, with play shovels, into piles of air raid sand along curbs.)

Then Daladier's countenance dominating again, momentarily, only to recede very slowly - as before, into blurred telephoto, with all 4 principals seated motionless, indistinct and undulating.

Next Mussolini. Writes quickly and dominates screen almost instantly. Moon countenance and barge-like jaw beaming in typical Latin Imperator style, affected and histrionic, from balcony of Palazzo Venezia. Throws kisses to cheering mob. Chuckles triumphantly. Poses again for multitude. Digs Count Ciano playfully in ribs; and, then, bending forward, well over rail, says):

have preferred that all the nations directly concerned be represented... but there was no time to lose.. The least delay might have been fatal.. You know the results of the Munich meeting - we avoided the use of force; we produced, without a shadow of doubt, a Pro-de Plebiscite in the four countries... It was an effective victory of peace and a moral victory.. Also a human victory... thanks to the good will of all".

(Tumultuous cheering - Vive la France! Vive Daladier, etc! - follows, with Daladier's perplexed countenance coming into evidence of calls by reaction, being fixedly as he returned for flashes of Parisian reflection:

1. Rhythmically raises obscenity in the Place de la Concorde, against well-known back-drop of neo-classic facades.

2. With celebrations to sidewalk cafes of Paris, Quarter. Public consultation. Cocktails dancing with soldiers in streets.

3. Shifters joyfully cheering, with joy showers, into arms of the real saint clare cures.)

Then Daladier's counterpoise quickening again, mechanically, only to recede very slowly - as before, into mirror to photo, with all a pitiful nation potentiates, in instant on undulating.

Next musing. Notes quickly and commences answer about instantly. Commencing and burst-like in bending it typical Daladin Inventor of life, effected and his intellectic, from balcony of Palais Venezia. Throws kisses to cheering mob. Causes triumphantly. Pause again for applause. Dies Count Ciano of vitality in eyes; and, then, bending form, well over rail, says):

MUSSOLINI "I do not think the world will be willing to boil over the putrid Prague egg!"

(As sound of laughter and image recede, once more the blurred International Wireless telephoto. For an instant it undulates, then clears slowly - all images equally and simultaneously. Without a word, all four rise, shake hands, and bow mechanically. Exeunt (in this order: Chamberlin, Daladier, Mussolini), with lifeless, stiff movements of automatons, one behind the other, through door on extreme right - Chamberlin yawning as he goes, Daladier's bald head almost sunk out of sight between shoulders, and all bearing treaty papers in hand like schoolboys' primers. At door as they pass, two small, abject figures appear - black suits, brief cases.

First Figure "Czechoslovokia - "

Second Figure (Even weaker) "Protests - "

CHAMBERLIN (Continuing to yawn, without breaking pace or looking directly at Czechs) "We consider ... the matter... settled. Conclusively settled".

(Left alone, Hitler, also holding paper in hand, goes to balcony. Clasps hands behind back and looks over square, triumphantly. Crowd roars. Band blares. Lines of bayonets march. Swastiked banners agitated violently.)

CROWD "EIN VOLK!"

(Hitler, turning left, smiles)

CROWD "EIN REICH!" (Hitler bows to right)

CROWD "EIN FUHRER!"

(Figure of Hitler rigidifies. Heels together with snap. Crumpled bits of paper scraps falling to floor behind back as he unclasps hands to return Fascist salute... Holds salute as bayonets continue to march past and band blares "Deutschland Uber Alles" etc.)

MOSCOWITZ "I do not think the world will be willing to hold over the entire frozen egg!"

(An sound of laughter and image recede, once more the blurred International Interlocutor telephoto. For an instant it undulates, then clears slowly - a image equally and simultaneously. Throughout world, all four rise, shake hands, and bow mechanically. Present (in this order: Chamberlin, Daladier, Mussolini), with lifeless, stiff movements of gesticulations, one behind the other, through door on extreme right - Chamberlin vanishing as he goes. Daladier's head bobs almost sunk out of sight between shoulders, and all bearing tiny papers in neat little school-boys' pride. It occurs as they exit, two small, object figures appear - black suits, brief cases.

First Figure "Czechoslovakia - "

Second Figure (Even weaker) "Protocols - "

CHAMBERLIN (Continuing to yawn, without bringing pen or looking directly at Czechs) "I consider ... the matter... settled. Conclusively settled".

(Left alone, Hitler, who holding pen in hand, rose to balcony. Place immediately behind him. Looks over square, triumphantly. Crowd faces. Arm thrust high of favorite march, overplayed enthusiasm with vociferated violently.)

CROWD "HEIL VOLK!"

(Hitler, turns left, smiles)

CROWD "HEIL REICH!" (Hitler bows to right)

CROWD "HEIL FUHRER!"

(Flurry of Hitler flourishes. Moves to center with [illegible]. Crowd bits of paper across [illegible] to floor behind back as he [illegible] to return. Fascist salute... Hitler raises as hysteric continue to march past and back [illegible] "Deutschland über alles" etc.)

SCENE EIGHT

TIME: June 14, 1940 PLACE: GOVT. HOUSE, MUNICH

(When bayonets of preceding scene have come to halt and Party banners to rest, the scene is exactly the same as Scene 7, except that unrolled field maps have replaced papers on the conference table, and large cabinet radio stands in right corner. Hitler in arm-chair near radio, tensely concentrating on announcements; Goebbels and Ribbentrop, equally intent, flank cabinet, intermittently regulating volume, changing station, etc. Noise of crowd gathered in Konigsplatz floats through open doors of balcony. Line of bayonets forward, and Party banners echeloned in depth, visible without).

ANNOUNCER "IT HAS BEEN RELIABLY CONFIRMED THAT GERMAN MOTOR-CYCLE UNITS HAVE REACHED THE CHANNEL COAST AT ABBEVILLE, AT 0537, THIS MORNING... PANZER DIVISIONS OF THE GERMAN FIRST ARMY GOUP, UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL VON BOCK, ARE CONSOLIDATING THE TERRITORY IMMEDIATELY TO THEIR REAR, IN THE TRIANGLE: ARRAS-AMIENS-ST. QUENTIN... STUKA DIVE-BOMBERS OF THE LUFTWAFFE, UNDER THE PERSONAL COMMAND OF FIELD MARSHAL GOERING, CONTINUE TO HARRY SHATTERED FRENCH COLUMNS CROSSING THE S EINE ABOVE ROUEN AND FLEEING SOUTH TOWARDS THE LOIRE... REFUGEES, IN GREAT NUMBERS, HAVE CHOKED ALL THE ROADS, RENDERING THEM QUITE IMPASSABLE AND CAUSING THE FRENCH TO ABANDON THEIR TRANSPORT...." -------

(Meanwhile, Hitler - at the mention of the phrase: "Triangle, Arras-Amiens-St.Quentin" has gone to the table where he bends over maps, now glancing at his wrist watch, now

SCENE EIGHT

TIME: June 16, 1940 PLACE: GOVT. HOUSE, WINDSOR

(Then beyonets or pressing scene. Have come to halt and Fritz, bannerets to rest; the scene is exactly the same as before, except that Grandfather Clock has been replaced papers on the conference table, and large cabinet radio stands in place corner. Hitler in arm-chair near radio, family conversation on announcements; Goebbels and Hitler, equally intent. Fuehrer cabinet, intermittently regulating volume, changing station, etc. Noise of crowd roaring in Fuehrer's ears through open doors of balcony. Time of beyonets forward, and Fritz banners sequence in depth, visible without).

ANNOUNCER "IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, FORMERLY UNITED KINGDOM REGENT THE PRINCE OF WALES AT DOBBY, THIS MORNING... SEAT'S DIVISIONS OF THE GERMAN FIRST ARMY CORPS, UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL VON BOCK, AND COORDINATING THE VERTICAL DIVISIONS TO THE REAR, IN THE TRIANGLE: ARRAS-AMIENS-ST. QUENTIN... STUKA DIVE-BOMBERS OF THE LUFTWAFFE, UNDER THE PERSONAL COMMAND OF FIELD MARSHAL GOERING, CONTINUE TO BLOCK SHATTERED FRENCH COLUMNS ENDEAVOR THE 3 SIDE ABOVE FORM AND SIMILARLY SOUTH TO ALSACE-LORRAINE... BEYOND... IN GREAT NUMBERS, HAVE CONTINUED TO CRASH, DEMONSTRATE THE QUIET INTERCEPTORS AND CONTINUE TO WRECK TO ESCAPE THEIR TRANSPORT...." ———

(Meanwhile, Hitler - at the mention of the phrase: "Triangle, Arras-Amiens-St. Quentin," has gone to the table there he bends over maps, his finger at his wrist watch, now

stooping to scrutinize the maps again, or listening,with cocked ear, to the running commentary. Ribbentrop changes station with click and new voice - altogether different in character - is heard)

ANNOUNCER "THE BRITISH ARMY IN BELGIUM IS RETREATING SOUTHWEST TOWARDS THE SEA, SUFFERING UNRELENTING PUNISHMENT IN ITS WITHDRAWAL. THE ARC OF THEIR RESISTANCE HAS SHRUNK PERCEPTIBLY, EVEN WITHIN THE PAST FEW HOURS: AND NOW IT APPEARS TO HAVE TIGHTENED INTO A NARROW, FUTILE POCKET IN THE VICINITY OF DUNKIRK - INESCAPABLE AND DOOMED... LIASON WITH THE FRENCH IS SEVERED... AIR PROTECTION OVERHEAD IS DENIED THEM... THEY ARE BEING PUSHED INTO THE SEA ALL ALONG THE BEACHES.. EVACUATION IS IMPOSSIBLE..."

(Hitler does not move, but continues to regard maps fixedly. Ribbentrop bends again. Another click. Another commentator's voice - completely individualized)

ANNOUNCER "NO MODERN MIRACLE OF THE MARNE HAS SAVED PARIS THIS TIME.. THIS IS YOUR DNB CORRESPONDENT SPEAKING TO YOU FROM THE ST. DENIS SUBURBS OF PARIS... FROM THIS POINT, I CAN ALREADY SEE THE DOME OF SACRE COEUR UPON MONTMARTRE, GLISTENING IN THE SUN OF A GLORIOUS JUNE MORNING.. FROM THIS POINT, LONG TRAINS OF OUR HORSE-DRAWN ARTILLERY AND HELMETED COLUMNS OF OUR HEROIC INFANTRY ARE PREPARING TO MARCH INTO THE SURRENDERED CITY IN TRIUMPH...PARIS IS OURS!....."

(At this point, a joyous Hitler executes the famous "jig of Compiegne". Goebbels and Ribbentrop, no less over-joyed, clasp each other and rush to congratulate the Fuhrer, all speechless and tearful with excitement. They convey him - effusively ecstatic - to

stooping to scrutinize the maps again, or listening, with cocked ears, to the engine commentary. Ribbentrop changes station with glick and new voice - altogether different in his tester - is heard)

ANNOUNCER "THE BRITISH ARMY IN BURMA IS NOW WITH SOUTHERNER TOWARDS THE SEA, SUFFERING UNRELENTING PUNISHMENT IN ITS WITHDRAWAL. THE ARO OF THE RESISTANCE HAS FOUNDER PERCEPTIBLY, EVEN WITHIN THE LAST 24 HOURS: AND NO IT APPEARS TO MAY TIGHT OVER INTO A MERRY, TRITICAL POCKET IN THE VICINITY OF MYNITKE - INCREASING ARE BOGGED... LIAISON WITH THE FRENCH IS SUPREME... AN PROTECTION OVERRUN IS DUE TO ... THEY ARE SILLY, SHOULD THEY THE BY AT ALONG THE BRCHAS.. EVACUATION IS IMPORTANT..."

(Hitler does not move, but continues to re-read maps fiercely. Ribbentrop hums again. Another glick. Another commentator's voice - completely indistinct)

ANNOUNCER "NO SOONER DIRECTOR OF THE LEGION HAS LEFT THIS TIME.. THIS IS YOUR HOME COMMENTATOR'S DEALING TO LOW FROM THE ST. BERIE SURGERE OF A DEN... THE TIME LEFT. I CAN ALREADY SEE THE TOP. OF EACH CROWN UPON CONTINENT, CHESTERING IN THE SUN OF A NATION LONG DESPAIRED.. FROM THIS POINT, DOWN THE LEFT OF OUR HEART - THE ARTILLERY AND HEAVIER CRAFT OF OUR NAVAL INFANTRY ARE MARCHING TO MARCH INTO THE MONTMARTRE CITY IN ENGLAND...MADE IN OUR!....."

(At this point, a joyous Hitler executes the famous "jig of few steps". Goebbels and Ribbentrop, he is over-joyed, clap each other and rush to congratulate the Führer. All leaderships are herded into excitement. They convey him - relatively sceptic - to

balcony where deafening roar from throng below greets his appearance. Obviously deeply affected, and unable to reply at first effort, he stands choking with feeling. Crescendo of heils marks contagion of communication. Then, waving hands for silence, he speaks):

HITLER "A year ago... upon this same balcony... I promised peace for Germany... There was no peace possible with the war-mongering democracies - so I gave them WAR!" (Great roar of approval; Hitler shaking head with smiling satisfaction) ... "Provoked beyond endurance, German might has struck back and rolled them into the sea from which - while our New Order stands gloriously - they shall not return! No! Not even for the THOUSAND years that shall mark the bright new course of German destiny!" (Tremendous cheers)..."For their way of life has withered, corrupted by plutocracies and weakened by sentimentality.. while ours has waxed strong on the blood and iron of a New Order!.. Ever creative... Ever expanding!.... To their decadent 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' I give them the German 'Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery'...(Great acclaiming thunder, wave upon wave)... "And Germany shall rule the world tomorrow as she has shaken it today!....

"For more than France fell when P aris capitulated to our glorious arms - France being symbol of all that we oppose... The sensitive heart lies under our knife. We have only to sever the arteries, one by one, and the universal off-shoots atrophy... France today, therefore.. Tomorrow - the WORLD!" (Applause) "The great shame is

effaced! The German pride, reborn!"

(Hitler leaves balcony after acknowledging cheers again and again. Inside room, he makes as if to say something, worriedly, to Goebbels and Ribbentrop; but insistent cries of crowd summon him back to balcony. Once more inside, he begins to speak, hesitantly)

HITLER "Goebbels... I...I..."

(Swelling plaudits of populace grow louder, insistently. Hitler shrugs shoulders, as though a little relieved, and escapes to balcony. Goebbels looking at Ribbentrop wonderingly. When Hitler descends again into room, the two are waiting solicitously. Ribbentrop closes balcony door, through which yelling is fainter though still audible)

GOEBBELS "You were about to say - Herr Fuhrer?"

HITLER (Pretending to look surprised. Obviously embarrassed) "What was that?... Oh, yes"... (Pauses clumsily; begins falteringly) "Goebbels..."

GOEBBELS (Gently) "Bitte... Herr Fuhrer?"

HITLER "Goebbels..." (Stumbles for words) ."Paris has fallen..."

GOEBBELS (Surprised and smiling) "To be sure, Fuhrer. God be praised... It was a glorious prize...(Waits for Hitler to continue).

HITLER (Fidgets . Looks nervously away) "I want Wenck.. to commandeer...?"

GOEBBELS (Obsequiously, as secretary taking notes) "Gen. Wenck to commandeer...?"

HITLER (Blushing furiously, with rising voice) "Every pair of nylons in the Rue de la Paix!"

(Goebbels jaw drops. Look of blank surprise covers face of Ribbentrop. Hitler looks at neither, but crosses hurriedly right, to exit. At door, he shouts back over shoulder in cracked voice - without turning his head:)

HITLER "Under-wear, too! ... Ladies hosen!"

GOEBBELS (Looking at Ribbentrop, smile twitching at corners of mouth) "Well, I'll be..."

RIBBENTROP (Tittering) "I suppose her size is a State Secret".

(Both laugh quietly together against background of cheers for "Der Fuhrer! Der Fuhrer!" still coming from the platz)

Scene Nine

TIME: Night, Feb., 1943 PLACE: Berchtesgaden

The Eagle's Nest at Berchtesgaden on the eve of the loss of Stalingrad. Hitler alone in the "brooding room" under the Watzmann. At one end, the massive bronze doors of the elevator shaft. At the other, a wall of glass opening on a dizzy panorama of crag and precipice. Grey, leaden clouds drift past. Occasional flashes of lightning. Gloom, accentuated by heavy, sombre furniture of room, dominated by life-size oil of blonde nude (JUGENDE by Mahainz). A beautiful, bold body, the flesh pallid with an unearthly chalkiness. Cabinet radio in corner, playing. Program, Wagnerian: snatches from the "Flying Dutchman", the "Venusberg" from Tannhauser; finally, "Parsifal" - all timed to express the tumultuous passions impelling Hitler's movements and agitating his countenance.

Background as well as transition flashes, for whole scene (presented in form of insight into Hitler's mind) seen always dimly behind immediately external stage properties as sustained flashes of changing, marching military boots: polished and rhythmical as Hitler's face exudes triumph of early days; confused, faltering, fewer and disordered, as doubt reflects the reversals of fortune; and, finally, dragging, stumbling, exhausted, blood-covered and sack-wrapped, as in monotonous winter retreats. Very condition and tempo the exact mirror of Hitler's thoughts.

Thus, Hitler sits at desk, at outset, immutable and complacent as Buddha. Then, expression changes. To uneasiness. To fear. He rises abruptly. Paces nervously across the room, stopping before window to gaze below into gathering storm...Lips move intermittently. Now in scarcely perceptible whisper; now, furiously, as he

condones, lauds, defends, pleads, despairs. Pantomime intensifying with crescendo of the music - auto-intoxicated, delerious: now, a protest against impending fate; now (by natural defense mechanism) a paean of wild, terrible egotism. Suddenly - a pause in the program for a special announcement... Sepulchral voice admits fall of Stalingrad to the Russians. Von Paulus has surrendered the German VI Army... Hitler clutches head in paralysis of despair..The storm breaks without. Rain lashes glass. Clap of thunder, very near. Another blinding flash through window; and all is darkness and silence.. Left alone, the Fuhrer screams for "L ight!" - stark terror in his voice.

Pause... and old servant enters with candle which he places on table so that its light falls on the blonde nude, leaving the rest of the quaking chamber in heavy shadows.

Scene Ten

TIME: MARCH 1944 PLACE: East Prussian Hq.of Fuhrer

(An elaborately appointed "War Room", the dominant feature of which is a situation map of the Russian Front. Transition flashes between this and the previous scene recapitulate "boot motif" - marching, marching - till the map of Russia appears first, then rest of room in due proportion, gradually. French windows open (left center). Great wall maps in yellow and blue. Illuminated globes. Situation map, showing lines as of March 1944, on easel. Hitler seated at head of long council table. Goering, Keitel, Rommel, Rundstedt, et alii listening.)

HITLER (Sarcastically) "So I repeat: I have a reactionary army, a Christian Navy, and a Luftwaffe, at least, that is National Socialist - so far as I can determine".

(Goering evidencing a noticeably porcine grunt of satisfaction, Hitler turns on him, sharply)

HITLER "But that is the only good thing I can say about it!... It hugs the ground daily like a frightened sparrow.. It darts nervously across the Channel to peek at the London "cows", and back again without dropping a bomb...That sounds like hoop-skirt aviation, Herr Goering - not the jet propulsion you promised me a year ago!"

GOERING (Weakly) "It is a question of oil.. Ever since the loss of Ploesti - "

HITLER (Interrupting) "Oil? Oil! Did we lack for oil in September 1940? England lay at our feet then.. within an hour of capitulation.. But our Junkers suddenly ceased to

Scene Ten

TIME: June 1944 PLACE: Inner Prudentia, on Tartarus

(An elaborately spiritual "Ave Maria", the document feature of which is a stereotype mass of the Russian Front. Alternation flashes between time and the various scene receptivities "Moral motif" - a young man, a robine - still the sole of music appears first. Then each of voices in one proportion, gradually. Finally, windows open (left center). Direct sunlight in yellow and white. Illuminates stages.

Ultimately, amid the time of crown lies, on easel. Mature Soutine at work of lard command table. Overhead, Saint Gerard, subdate, at mild listening.)

MITCH: (Perpetually) "So I repeat: I am a revolutionary, a constitution guy, and - Lefty, my at least, that is radical socialist - so far as I am determined".

(Gerard, withdrawing a motionless profile right of portrait, glares down on him, shrinks)

MITCH: Just then in the cage room that I can say about it... It pops the Soutine nails (Mr. Distinguished against.. Ik. exits nervously, are as the Channel throwing at the sun on "cover", and leaf. Grin without crepe, lip a cant...Effect squeaks like bong-bang! exclaims. Nervousness - not the jet propulsion you practice now your eyes!"

COUTIN: ("weakly") "It is a question of art.. Ever since the loss of Rivera - "

MITCH: (Interrupting) "Why? Why? Tell me Lady Ten old in Sacrecoeur lady? Anyone Lay it our face down.. within an hour of exhaustion.. Put our Tuesday and only passes to

drop their loads - like that!" (he snaps his fingers). "Go on, tell them all - Reichs Air-Marshal Goering..."

GOERING "Well - our Luftwaffe was being whittled by daily attrition. Everybody knows that.. Losses from ack-ack and fighter defenses over Britain were incredible and constant" (he shrugs shoulders) "I simply could not risk any more planes without seriously impairing our own potential for resisting the inevitable counter-attack..."

HITLER (Indicating) "You, Keitel... What do you think?"

KEITEL (Inserting monocle into eye) "Why... I..er..ah.. I think the Air Marshal indubitably had ... cogent reasons for .. there is always the danger of what is called... militarily.. er-ah - over-extension.. and - "

HITLER (Turning sharply to Raeder) "Raeder?"

RAEDER "The first consideration of every offensive is the preparation of a defensive tactic designed for resort in the event that the former situation is not forth-"

HITLER (Holding head as though explanations are insufferable to him) "But, quiet, all of you!... The same old vocabulary... The same juggling of words every time.. I'll tell you why the Luftwaffe failed.. In a word, one word.. It failed because it was old-fashioned... O ld-fashioned, do you hear?... And our Marshal Goering knows why - in spite of millions of marks levied and thousands of engineers dedicated to creating the newest designs". (Voice softens somewhat)..."You know why our war on the land scored such a blazing triumph.. why the blitz was

drop their loads - like that!" (He drops the plunger).

"Go-on, tell them all - fetch in-herbal cosmic..."

GOSMIC "Well - our lifetime was being whittled by daily co-

triction. Everybody knows that.. we've ITCH ech-ek-ec

tighter defense, over with in year's lifetime! We ec-

stant!" (He shrugs shoulders) "I simply could not take

any more planes without personally lying into our co-

tent! I for realizing the inevitable counter-attack..."

MILLER (Interrupting) "You, Retel... What do you think?"

RETEL (Interrupting nervously into eye) "Why... I... I... I

think the air Revival unfortunately has ... another reason

for .. there is money, the danger of what is coming...

militarily.. or-ish - over-tension... and - "

MILLER (Turning sharply to Reader) "Reader?"

FLORA "The first consideration of every civilized is the

preservation of a creative civilization. Our concern in

the event that the proper situation is not forth-"

MILLER (Holding hand as though explanations are inadvertable

to him) "Then, quiet, all of you!... The wave of vocabu-

lary... The wave just like of words everywhere.. Why is it

you say the butterfly flutter.. in a word, one word..

Why because it is an-ex-tremes... O la-la-la-la,

do you hear?... and our [illegible] [illegible] - in

spite of millions of metre levels and thousands of

antennae radiating to receive the lowest decibels".

(Voice pattern recording)..."Can anyone dig out what on the

land scape some [illegible] [illegible] why the bait- was

one unbroken success: because England prepared for no war; France prepared for the last war - and Germany alone was ready for this one.. But Fate turned the tables the minute WE became the old-fashioned ones.. and all because our "chivalrous" Air Marshal conceived aerial combat as the out-moded knight-errantry of 1918 dog-fights! It was not FIGHTERS we needed then - in September... Fighter planes were already as obsolete as the great auk.. it was BOMBERS - to carry the burden of destruction relentlessly across the Channel till it broke the spirit of British endurance.. But "bombers"? They were regarded as "freight cars" in our Marshal's romantic scheme. TOO LUMBERING for jousts of combat in the sky... So - they became the smallest part of our Air Force!"

(Goering makes as if to rise, gloweringly)

HITLER (Note of sharp command chilling voice) "ZETTEN ZEE ZISH - Reichsmarshal Goering!" (And as Goering resumes seat darkly) "You could no more counter-mand these truths than you could fit into the cock-pit of your sleek Focke-Wulf!"

(Pause, punctuated by some nervous la ughter and shifting of weight)

HITLER (Bitterly, as he nods towards situation map) "And <u>thus</u>, gentlemen, we have a TWO Front war on our hands... The ghost has returned to haunt us in the very hour of victory". (Long pause) "Well" (with fatalistic shrug of shoulders) - "Let's look at this second front".

(Gen. Jodl rises promptly to feet as though already prepared to render an exact report. He shuffles papers in hands and commences to read in staccato monotone. Aide stands by easel with pointer to provide illustrated commentary for report)

JODL (Reading) "Consolidated report of the German High Command dated 6 March one-nine-four-four, Katowice, Eastern Front:

"Our field commanders in the zone Minsk-Baronowice report considerable progress - by Russian spearheads which have penetrated our flanks in the region Ulanov and Pultusk... In the area Vinnitsa-Kamenetsk Podolsk, we have come a long way - from Stalingrad on the Volga" (Hitler flushes; clenches fists) "General Eric von Mannstein has effected a brilliant withdrawal" - (clears throat) - "another daring withdrawal from the neighborhood of Kazatin... Rokossovsky's salient into Bessarabia is making very little headway before the Fabian-like strategy of our southern divisions. Nor has Gen. Hans Guderian been slow to evacuate his armor all along the front. Losses in equipment have been light due to the superior technique of the German strategic retreat... The last pocket of resistance in Korzun has been liquidated. But here also our losses were slight and our delaying strategy effective--"

HITLER (Interrupting, without looking up from where he drums fingers on table top) "What about the Pripet marshes?... Is it possible to hold along this line?"

BLASKOWITZ (Rising from place at table. Clicks heels) "I have just come from the area in question, Herr Fuhrer... We are now facing the same situation, in reverse, which we solved successfully in the initial phase of our assault upon Russia.. In a word, the marshes are indefensible... The Spring thaw, of course, will aid us somewhat by retarding the Russians - especially since their supply lines are over-extended by the rapidity of their

advance". (Hitler winces at each reference to "advance" or "retreat") "Of course, by the same token, it will complicate the progress of our retreat - "

HITLER (Repeating, half to self, ironically) "The progress of our retreat - "

BLASKOWITZ "The average depth of water in the Marshes during March is two feet nine inches; the mud on the few roads is even deeper. Hedge-hogs will not grip the mud. Self-propelled mounts, of 88 millimeters and upwards, cannot move in the water... mean temperatures current average 19 degrees Fahrenheit during pre-dawn hours; 30 degrees Fahrenheit at noon; and - "

HITLER "Raeder - you still have the transport service operating into Tallinin?

(Jodl has remained standing. Blaskowitz bobs down as Raeder bobs up)

RAEDER "Out of Tallinin - yes, Fuhrer... With diminished speed because of ice floes, and diminished numbers because of Stormoviks... But I think I can promise a speedy evacuation of the beseiged garrison".

HITLER (Eying him curiously) "I suppose I must decorate the Grand Admiral for that - and congratulate myself, too, that I still have room to retreat in and a few soldiers to evacuate..." (Pause, during which he makes obvious effort to pull himself together. Speaks now with lagging des peration born of futility) "But we must not despair, gentlemen.. The holy soil itself is still free of foreign

advance". (Hitler turns at each reference to "advance" or "retreat") "Of course, by the same token, it will complicate the pressure of our retreat - "

HITLER: (Repeating, half to self, incredulously) "The pressure of our retreat - "

TRANSLATOR: "The average depth of water in the Arctic during March is two feet nine inches; ice, and on the top ice is even deeper. Tanks-dogs will not pull the sled. Self-propelled motors, of the milimeters the machine, cannot move in the water... even temperatures contrast average in degrees Fahrenheit during pre-dawn hours; as degrees Fahrenheit at noon; zero - "

HITLER: "Sooner - you will have the transport service operating into Finland?

(Long pause - remembered statistics. Blankenship nods, even as Hitler looks up)

BLANKENSHIP: "Not at Finland - yes, Murmansk... with reinforced sleds because of ice floes, and blankets maybe because of mosquitoes... But I think I can promise a speedy evacuation of the Russian prisoners".

HITLER: (Spoke him curiously) "I will use I must discuss the Brand Kontrol for this - an experiment to speed", too, that I still have room to retreat in a few soldiers to evacuate..." (Pause, Hitler sighs he makes obvious effort to pull himself together. Speaks now with lassitude due particular item of fatigue) "You is must not despair, gentlemen.. The holy soil itself is still free of foreign

boots.. and these contracting lines.. will only concentrate our strength, and shorten our supply lines, for the inevitable, terrible counter-offensive.. When they are exhausted from over-extension - then we shall strike back with terrible fury... Perhaps, there will even be another Tannenberg for us - to redeem these errors... Perhaps, they can be re-led into the Mas urian L akes - to recover my plans... And the West Wall, at least, is unbreached, making it still possible to divert more reenforcements from France and the Low Countries!.. Besides, I have it on good authority from my research-scientists that the new weapons soon to be released from Penemunde are capable of turning the tide yet.. of redeeming in a single night the disasters of the past two years... Just think of it! To be able to blow civilization to bits in an instant - without warning or relic!... Only we are capable morally of employing it thus.. All others would shrink from it in terror!... So - do not weaken, gentlemen.. Our wolf packs still operate. Production continues, miraculously, on the home front; rifts begin to widen in the Allied Camp... Have faith but a while longer - "

(The voice of a soldier singing - "Lily Marlene" - interrupts the Fuhrer's exhortation, floating in from the Kaserne court through the open windows)

VOICE "VOR der KAS-SER-NE, Vor dem Gros-sen TOR"

(Spluttering excitement at table. All rising indignantly except the Fuhrer, who having stopped short in discourse, now regards scene

boats.. and these contracting lines.. will only concentrate our strength, and shorten our supply lines, for the irritable, terrible monster-collaborator.. when they, re-awakened from over-extension - then, we shall strike back with terrible fury... Perhaps, there will even be another Tannenberg for us - as reports these reports... Perhaps, they can be re-led into the Sea upline i-also - to recover by plane.... Of course, Neil, at least, is murder-bind, making it still possible to divert more re-inforcements from France and the Low Countries!... Co-sieres, I have it on good authority from my research-co-mplete that this new weapon seem to be raised from Prometheus are capable of turning the tide yet... of re-sisting in a single night the disasters of the past two years... Just think of it! To be able to play civilizing to bite in a instant - Ideal, nation or region!... only we are capable really of supplying it then.. All others would suffer from it in terror!... So - to not weaken, gentlemen.. our only power still secret. Co-operation continues, Arrangements on the main front: sides begin to widen in the Allied Camp... now feels but a while longer - "

(The voice of a jollier air is - "Hitler's Prison" interrupts the Future's secret log. Doubtful in from, the Kaserne rocks through the open window)

VOICE: "Wos ist Ka-ka-ka, Vor Ich Dressed Ich"

(Quickly the exciteme at table. All waiting impatiently except the Fuhrer, who calmly stroke, or Hor. In disgusted, he rapes a spoon

with strange quietness. Cries of "stop the fool", "Shut him up", "Close the windows" - all at once. Keitel especially shouts authoritatively and two high-collared officers rush to windows)

KEITEL (Contemptuously) "FOOL of a Caporal!"

(Instantly, Hitler's body becomes rigid. He shouts sternly)

HITLER "Stand where you are - ALL of you!" (As they halt in tracks, he continues coldly) "You seem to forget that I was a caporal, once.... Let him finish his song".

(No one moves. Only Hitler remains seated - erect, with eyes closed in complete absorption)

BOICE "Vor der Ka-ser-ne, vor dem gro-sen Tor
Stahd ei-ne La-ter-ne, steht s ee noch davor,
So woll'n wir uns da wie-der-sehn,
Bei der La-ter-ne woll'n wir stehn
Wei einst, Lili Marleen,
Wei einst, Lili Marleen"

(When the song has died out - the voice growing fainter as the singer moves away across the yard, - Hitler speaks)

HITLER "Now, clear out... All of you!"

(When they have gone, he rises. Walks slowly, dizzily, across room to telephone table. Head whirls. Room blurs; situation map alone retains definity till it dominates screen and seems to bleed, red battle lines melting and streaking map ominously. Then, as it clears and fades back to original size, Hitler picks up receiver. Says one tired word, German pronunciation)

HITLER "Eva".

(Head whirls. Appointments of room swirl also. Whole fades dizzily. When it clears again it is still ----- c.f.seq.)

Scene Eleven

TIME: JULY 1944 PLACE: Same as Scene Ten

(War Room as before. Four months later. Only the lines of the situation map have changed. The bomb plot on Hitler's life has just failed; but its results are apparent when the action commences. Military groups are congregated, awaiting the arrival of Hitler - the "synthetic von's" on one side (Jodl, Keitel, Rommel, Blaskowitz), the old aristocrats(Rundstedt, Leeb, Bock, Weichs), on the other. Their exchange serves as exposition. Hitler enters, visibly worsened by recent experience. He wears a bandage across one eye. His movements are stiff as though conditioned by partial paralysis. Whole demeanor one of ineffectual fatigue. Though the fire has gone out of his interrogation, he persists in leading the routine of conference.)

WEICHS (Sotto voce) "Jahwol.. Jahwol... This man throws purges like the old Kaiser threw parties... He invites all his friends to them!

(Aristos wag heads together and cluck, contemptuously and commiseratingly)

BOCK (After looking around surreptitiously, speaks in subdued tone) "Where is - von Witzleben?"

(Others look at each other with surprise, then at von Bock in amazement)

LEEB "You do not know?"

(Bock shakes head negatively)

WEICHS "You mean you have not heard?"

BOCK (Comprehending slowly) "With Stauffenberg?"

LEEB "With Stauffenberg it would have been merciful". (he shudders)

BOCK "Ach, so".

(Pause, during which Hitler enters from left, followed by Goebbels and secretary. Occupants come to attention. All remain standing until Hitler has seated self at head of conference table, then take places around table - the Junkers ranging selves on one side, Nazi parvenus on other. Hitler raises head slowly and speaks tiredly)

HITLER "The situation has been stabilized satisfactorily in Poland?"

(No one answers)

HITLER (Frowning) "The defense positions along the Bug and Vistula are still tenable?"

LEEB (After some hesitation) "Frankly, sir, they are not... The Bug-Vistula Line is an arrow pointing straight at Berlin.. At the most, these defenses are a delaying factor in our strategy".

HITLER "But the Oder .. certainly -"

LEEB "Again a fatal indentation in the direction of Berlin... As sluggish as both the Bug and the Vistula, and less formidable than either... True, Kuestrin and Frankfurt are bastions - but far from impregnable".

(Pause. Hitler drums absently with fingers. Looks out of windows from silent room)

HITLER (Returning to conference as from reverie) "Then, it is your considered opinion that the situation in the East is - lost?"

LEEB "Barring a miracle, yes - "

(Rundstedt, Weichs, Bock, all simultaneously)

RUNDSTEDT (Basso) "And the German High Command does not in miracles".

(Pause, during which Hitler enters from left, followed by Goebbels and secretary, who come to attention. All remain standing until Hitler has seated self at head of conference table, upon which rests a round table - the Jundola Tonging seives on one side, Nazi pretzels on other. Hitler raises head slowly and speaks briefly)

HITLER: "The situation has been stabilized satisfactorily in Poland?"

(To one answers)

HITLER: (Pouting) "The defense positions along the Bug and Vistula are still tenable?"

LEWS: (After some hesitation) "Frankly, sir, they are not... The Bug-Vistula line is a mere pointing stretch at Tarik... at the most. Our defenses are inadequate faster in our rear."

HITLER: "But the oder .. certainly -"

MAN: "Again a total inexperience in the direction of Berlin... as slugish as both the Bug and the Vistula, and less formidable than either... Thus, Warsaw and Krakow are positions - not far from indefensible".

(Pause. Hitler drums nervously with his fingers. Leans out of window from silent room)

HITLER: (Returning to conference as from reverie) "Then, it is your considered opinion that the situation in the east is - lost?"

LEWS: "Further is friendly, yes - "

(Hunsteet, Jodlow, Keck, all simultaneously)

RUNSTEDT (Pause) "And the German High Command does not intercede."

WEICHS (Baritone) "And the German High Command does not believe in miracles".

BOCK (Tenor) "And the German High Command does not believe in miracles".

(Without pausing, Hitler wheels in chair to regard Nazi favorites)

HITLER "Rommel - what say you?... Are we really beaten?"

ROMMEL (With resolution, tinged with braggadoccio) "I will sweep them into the sea".

RUNDSTEDT (Curtly) "Normandy has ceased to be a beach-head".

ROMMEL (Louder) "I will drive them back into the Channel".

RUNDS TEDT (Sternly) "Our only hope for prolongation is to withdraw across France behind the West Wall".

ROMMEL (Angrily) "The West Wall is a coffin. Our hopes will never rise from it... I will - "

HITLER (Silencing the brewing quarrel by raising his hand) "I know. You will drive them into the sea".

(Long pause. Rommel flushes. Hitler fidgets. Sighs. Begins to speak. Falters. Silent once more. Finally, looks along both sides of table, surveying each face grimly)

HITLER "I am ready for proposals..."

(Pause)

RUNDSTEDT "Capitulate.. It is still possible to preserve honor".

LEEB (Chiming in) "And the bulk of our forces as well".

BOCK (Almost before Leeb has finished) "And even frame favorable terms!"

BRICKER (Hesitatingly) "And the German High Command does not believe in miracles".

BOOK (Tenor) "And the German High Command does not believe in miracles".

(Without pausing, Hitler moves in chair to regard Rex's favorites)

HITLER "Horses - what say you?... are we really so lazy?"

FOXTROT (With resolution, stirred with bravadoesque) "I will steer them into the sea".

DUCHESSE (Coyly) "Strength has ceased to be a beach-head".

ROX (Coarser) "I will drive them back into the channel".

BUNNY TEET (Stern) "Our only hope for preservation is to withdraw extra forces behind the West Wall".

ROSE (Angry) "The Reich will be safe, our hopes will never rise from it... I will - "

HITLER (Stroking the Swastika, muttered by raising his head) "I know. You will drive them into the sea".

(Long pause. Horses lumber. Hitler frisks. Mars. Jupiter to Book. Falter. Slow over-view. Finally, look along both arrows to the sur-veying on-lit valley)

HITLER "I am ready for propaganda..."

(Pause)

BUNNY TEET "Capitulate.. It is still possible to preserve honor".

ROSE (Chiding in) "Are the hulk of our forces as well".

BOOK (Almost before book has finished) "And even from favorable terms!"

HITLER (Plaintively) "But why.. why speak of surrender as though it were - There is still the Bavarian Redoubt". (Scans faces with desperate hopefullness; but hard scorn on Prussian masks reveals disagreement, so he turns again to Rommel)... "You think so, too?"

ROMMEL "The Bavarian Redoubt is a tomb.. Stay out in the open, no matter the cost... Allow me movement and I will - "

ALL (Chorus) "Drive them into the sea!"

(Long, brooding silence follows. Faces of generals grow harder; Hitler's weaker. His head spins. Red battle lines of situation map seem to bleed, and each face at table becomes a grinning skull)

GOEBBELS (Oleaginously, accent and confident tones contrasting to others) "It is obvious, I think, that we have exhausted our resources - militarily and economically... But, in view of the avowed intentions of our enemy, we have learned to expect no mercy... Surrender, therefore, would be no personal solution, at least... But it is possible yet to escape the iron ring for a new try... Our submarines still operate. Our planes still fly. Our ally, Japan, shows the strain of war far less than the Reich, with every indication of a long struggle ahead... We few, the nucleus of our principles, living abroad till circumstances invite our return, can sustain the concepts of the New Order unto a more propitious day... Therefore, I say we can ESCAPE - NOW, before it is too late!"

KEITEL "YES. Escape!"

HITLER (Mistrustfully) "But why.. why speak of surrender as though it were - There is still the Fuehrer beyond".

(Some faces with desperate hope flicker; but lead soon on Prussian masks reveals disappointment, so he turns again to Goebbels)... "You think so, too?"

GOEBBELS "The Fuehrer Reichs is a tool.. Stay out in the open, no matter the cost... Allow no movement and I will -"

ALL (Chorus) "Drive them into the sea!"

(Long, crushing silence follows. Faces of generals grow pasty; Hitler's mouth quivers. The deep scars, red textile lines of alcohol-flushed eyes seem to bleed, and each face at table becomes a grinning skull)

HITLER (Desperately, for at and confidence tones contradicting textures) "It is obvious, I think, that we have exhausted our resources - military and economic! ... and, in view of the two ed intelligence of our army, we have learned to expect no more ... Therefore, there would be no personal scandal, at least... But it is possible yet to use a few more days for a new try... our submarines still operate. Our planes still fly over Italy, Japan, above the stream of war far less than the Reich, with many indicator of a long struggle ahead... We can, the months of our friendships, living above this circumstances lapse our rights, see sustain the concepts of the Tan Jiren unit. More tropicions ... Therefore, I say to can ACTS - 100, before it is too late!"

HITLER "Yes. Yes!"

RUNDS TEDT "Capitulate!"

ROMMEL (Voice drowned out) "I will sweep them - "

JODL "Escape!"

BOCK "Surrender!"

WEICHS "Negotiate!"

BLASKOWITZ "Flight!"

(With indecision in eyes, mingled with wild hope, Hitler has risen during exchange. He grips edge of table tightly and turns head, now this way, now that, as alternatives ring forth. Suddenly, as though chilled by an unseen presence, the voices crack in mid-air and are swallowed in sudden silence. No one moves. Only Hitler, sensing something, turns head slowly, like paralytic, towards door at back. Through it, opened outward partially, a great still shadow has fallen across the room - the unmistakeable profile of Heinrich Himmler, magnified. Instinctively, all follow Hitler's gaze toward door without a word. But, with a single, latching click, loud and ominous, it closes. All look at each other speechlessly. Fades)

Scene Twelve

TIME: Late April, 1945 PLACE: Berlin

Transition flash: repetition of door click in scene 11, only this time it is the door of Luftschutz raum opened by Hitler and Braun during the last days of Berlin. In the background, the skeleton facade of the Chancellery and the Brandenburg Gate. Oscillating red glow behind, intensifying and fading alternately, as cannons sound and die. In the foreground, wreckage and rubble everywhere. Hitler and Braun emerge from the iron door of an Air Raid shelter. He shrinks back as a salvo of Russian Artillery cuts loose. But, between coaxing and pleading, she draws him forth again, tenderly. He rubs his eyes, stupefied at such devastation.

HITLER (Looking around him frantically, screams suddenly, agonizingly) "Rommel!.... ROMMEL!" (His voice echoes emptily over the ruins)

BRAUN (Softly) "I am here, Adolf".

HITLER (After pause, during which his eyes search area, questioningly, tears his arm from Braun's grasp and shrieks): "WENCK! ... WENCK! ... Give me back my panzers!"

BRAUN (Approaching him gently) "Take my heart, Adolf".

(Impelled by violent grief, Hitler runs up onto pile of rubble abruptly, raving oratorically)

HITLER "I burned the Reichstag to make a phenix for Germany... and they have made my city a - Jerusalem" (pronounces last word bitterly, with sobs).... "I cupped the Mediterranean to whet your thirst for empire... and

you" (pauses to survey the destruction all around him)...

"you have filled my veins with gall."

(Then, he sits sobbing, his legs sprawling helplessly in the rubble, like a weaker Job upon a heap of dung. Two black-coated members of the SS pass, Death's Heads upon their helmets, Lugers strapped to their sides, a workman following. Hitler raises head from cupped hands and follows their movements fascinatedly, terror rising in his eyes. The workman stops to examine a "jerry-can". It rattles emptily. Then, he picks up another. There is some petrol in it, so he continues on his way, carrying it with him. Braun attempts to pull Hitler after them. At first, he whimpers and shrinks away. But, picturing how poetry and posterity will romanticize his demise, she persuades him to rise.)

BRAUN (Coaxingly) "Our greatest triumph, Adolf.. and the first together!"

(Hitler steps back and raises hands protestingly)

BRAUN "What an exit for a Fuhrer! ... On the stage of Berlin, with all Germany for footlights!"

(His eyes brighten somewhat and he ceases to push her from him)

BRAUN "The noblest Nordics of them all - with all Berlin for our funeral pyre!... Come, Adolf..."

(He stands rigidly immobile, as in a trance)

BRAUN "Kyffhauser will be our bridal chamber... from which to emerge more radiant and triumphant each time we are summoned forth by the imagination of Germany!"

(His taut limbs begin to relax, visibly. His eyes to glow and his cheeks to glisten, with an unnatural feverishness. He attempts to speak. At first, the words will not come. Then, in a whisper, hoarse at first, but swelling and clearing to excited treble):

HITLER (As if to self, musingly) "To die for the people.... a hero's death... defiant to the last!" (Aloud, now) "That is Promethean is it not?" (He seizes Braun's arm fiercely. She bows assent, vigorously, without replying; but commencing to lead him slowly, step by step, towards rear)

HITLER "I have always said that I would not desert my people?"

BRAUN "You have, my Fuhrer.... Always said it".

HITLER "I have promised to die for Germany in the darkest hour?"

BRAUN "For Germany..... in the time of need.... You have sworn it".

HITLER (Grasping her commandingly by the arm) "Come, then, woman..... Together..... You shall share my glory".

(Exits in kind of ecstatic sleep-walk, Braun beside... Off-stage two shots. Pause. A flash, followed by explosion. Sickening odor of burning gasoline. Feeble "Heil, Hitler"... Sound of splintering wood and bending steel. Door of shelter is forced violently open from within. Russian private, obviously drunk and looting, bursts upon stage. He seizes returning workman and shakes him roughly, shouting "Vo, Vo?", with thick Russian accent. "Hitler?" says the trembling workman and makes as if to point. "Duh hell wid Hitler" retorts Russian, thrusting workman aside. "Where's Braun?"..and exits rear, without waiting for an answer. By this time "Song Of the Plains", heard faintly and intermittently before, dominates stage)